

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ELIZA WARWICK.

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—“ Vaulting Ambition, that o’erleaps itself,  
And falls on t’other side.”—

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*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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ELIZA WAINWICK





TO THE

## C-----I Reviewers.

GENTLEMEN,

**T**O your protection I offer a Work, which has, indeed, little to recommend it to your notice, but the motive on which it was undertaken; and as that is such as the most virtuous would approve, I dare to ask *your* countenance to forward this attempt.

Were I not as well convinced of your *mercy*, as of your *justice*, I could hardly presume to offer the following sheets to the eye of criticism; but as I am sure you will pass over many errors, in consideration

tion of the request I make you for that purpose, I beg leave to dedicate my first production to a set of gentlemen, whose sentiments I esteem, whose abilities I admire.

I am not so ungenerous as to hope to prejudice you in my favour, by telling you that I am a ~~female~~, and a very young one—Your gallantry might, to be sure, on that account, whisper something in my behalf—I do not mean that it should when I make that confession—nor should it be made at all, but that I think it necessary to apologize, as a woman, for this Work's not being written, perhaps, so accurately as you would expect it should be, did it come from one of your own sex.

And

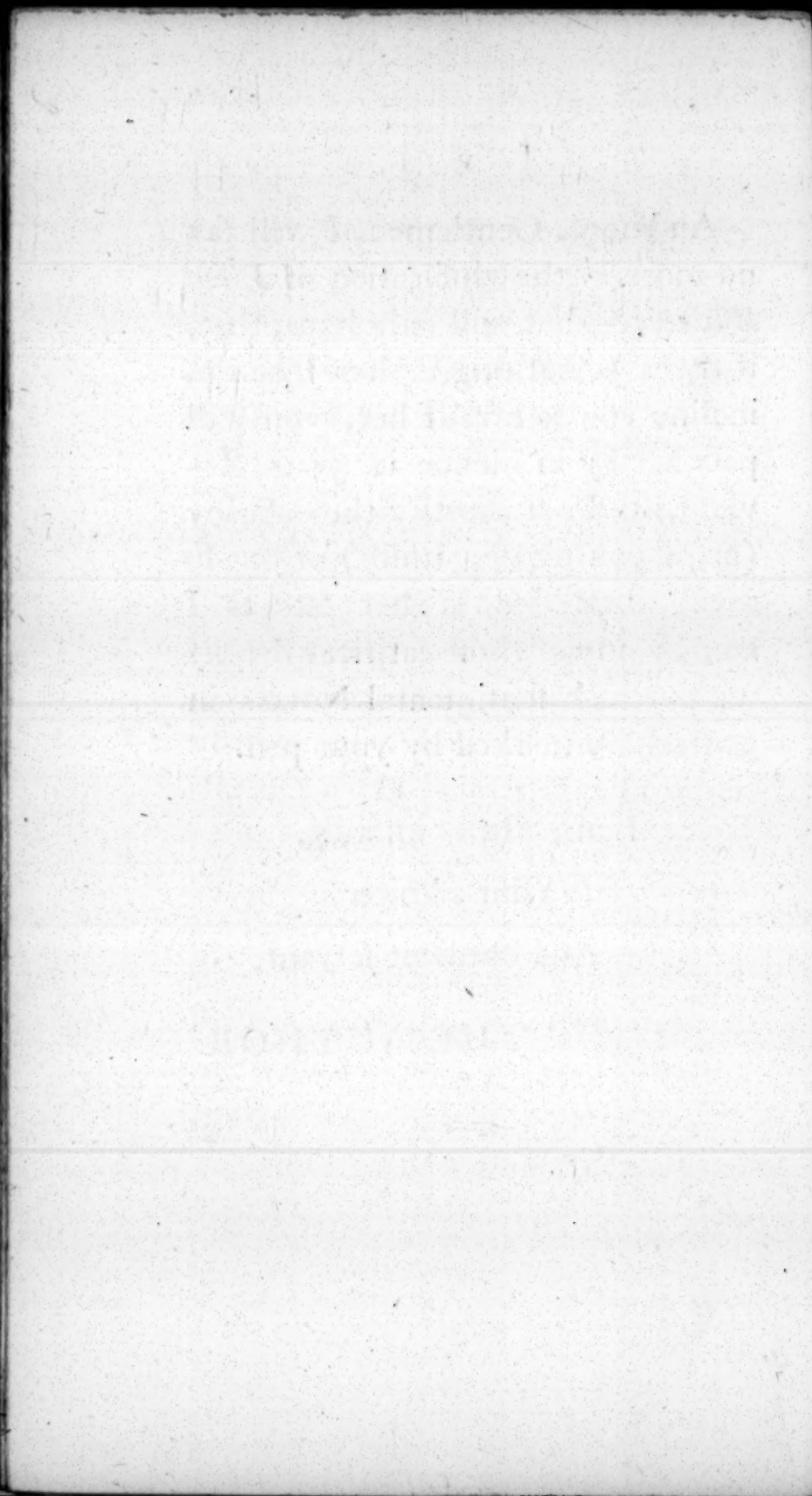
And now, Gentlemen, I will say no more in the vindication of *Eliza Warwick*—but will only hope, that, if there is nothing in her that can incline you to favour her, you will pass her by in silence in your Review, and not mortify the delicacy (or, if you please, vanity) of one so much interested in her fate as I am, by any of those satirical strokes with which sentimental Novels in general are marked by your pen.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your admirer,

And obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.



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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ELIZA WARWICK.

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TO  
MISS ELIZA WARWICK.

**M**Y son is distracted, Eliza—he complains of my—of your rigour; he knows not the necessity (as we do) of your absence from England—he asks for your story—demands it with wildness in his aspect—implores me to *unravel this mystery,*—

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B

this



this dreadful *enigma*, that is to put an end to all his hopes—he kneels—he bedews my hands with his tears—then rises—swears he will find you out—no Convent—no Altar—no place, however sacred, shall protect you—shall hide you from him.—I am upbraided with cruelty—you he calls an innocent victim, sacrificed on the shrine of Avarice.—He exclaims against a marriage with Lady Isabella Trevice, and invokes Heaven to witness that he will never call her his.—In short, he wearies his spirits so effectually, by giving way to these agitations of mind, that he throws himself breathless into a chair, and is for some hours lost to all sensibility of surrounding objects—nor can any efforts draw a word or look from him.

For Heaven's sake, Eliza, write to him the story of your life; shew him the impossibility,



impossibility, the madness, of a connection taking place between you—tell him it *must not be—shall not*, I had almost said—I cannot undertake this task; besides, it will receive double force from your pen—Adieu!—you must be happy in a situation so peaceful—so retired! I shall be ever solicitous about your welfare, and will be rejoiced to have it confirmed that you no longer repine at your situation.

You are very lovely, sensible, and attractive——dangerous qualities for a worldly life.—I again repeat, you must be happy—every-thing considered, you cannot be otherwise.—Enclose your packet for Lord Huntley in your next to me, I will deliver it—Heaven grant it may compose his mind, and reconcile him to the amiable woman I have allotted for his partner!—My wishes will be then answered, and I shall be grate-

ful to *you* when I subscribe myself the  
happy—but, my dear, always,

Your affectionate friend,

C. HUNTLEY.

P. S. By my son's repeated request,  
I inclose a letter from him—but, re-  
member, I depend on your promise,  
and your prudence.

TO

MISS ELIZA WARWICK.

THE unhappy victim of your cruelty, Madam, now humbles himself before you—he lays his heart at your feet, he opens its bleeding wounds—he presents them as so many trophies of your conquering eyes—he makes no doubt your pride will trample on them—Cruel Eliza!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is you that can inflict misery!—it is you alone who can behold it unmoved!—You wish me unhappy because I adore you—you treat me with severity, while I kiss the hand that dooms me to wretchedness!

\* \* \* \* \*

B 3

What

What a heart! Ah! Madam, what a heart must you possess! In such a form, too!—Eliza—dear Eliza!—why assume such softness?—Fair image of Deceit—restore my peace—restore my insensibility.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you not blush—did you not sigh—when first I told my passion?—Did not those eyes—ah! those destructive eyes! did they not say, “Huntley, thou art beloved?”—Perfidious sex!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! my Eliza, forgive me—pardon the distraction that thy charms—that a cruel mother—have occasioned! Where art thou, most loved—most injured woman? Where has the restless ambition of Lady Huntley conveyed thee?—

Hear



Hear me, Eliza—if ever you wish to see me happy—if ever thy gentle heart has pitied my sufferings—if ever you wish to taste felicity yourself—inform me, I conjure thee, of the place of your residence—then shall you behold your Huntley at your feet—his life—his hand—his fortune—are all at your command—then will he live—then shall he be indebted to you, for more than life—for that peace of mind which winged its flight from him when you were torn away.

“ Return, blest days—return, ye roseate hours !”

I must hope, my Eliza, you will speak comfort to my soul. I will say—Eliza Warwick has ever pitied the unhappy—Why, then, should a faithful lover despair ?

B 4

Adieu !

Adieu ! too charming arbitress of my  
fate—be kind—be merciful—and let  
one soft sentiment plead for

The unhappy

HUNTLEY.

TO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLEY.

**A**H, Madam, what a task ! What a command have you laid on me ! Well might you shudder at the thoughts of bearing such a recital to the ears of the amiable Marquis——still more——much more——must I endure at being *myself* the relater of so painful a recital.—Time and misfortunes have not, alas ! worn off the too keen edge of my sensibility—and the wretch, who has borne a great deal, must still bear more, because her sorrow will not be compleated till she overwhelms the object of her love in an abyss of misery. You frown, Madam—Ah ! forgive me, dear Lady !—a few—a very few days—and all is over—Lord Huntley will not be tempted to sacrifice the temple—to storm a convent—

B 5      •      A victim.

A victim I am—but not to avarice—  
My days were blackened by misfortune,  
and it is *now* only that I have a prospect of happiness—One trial more—and then you will receive the welcome intelligence of my having bid adieu to all my troubles.—“*Situated as I am, I must be blessed*”—Ah! Madam, my refractory heart! Never while it beats, shall I know peace—It is a presumptuous—discordant companion—it rebels against my better judgment—soon will it cease to disquiet me; the little wretch, worn with perpetual flutterings, will ere long dash itself against its cage, and by the last struggle expiate for all its faults.—Dear Lady!—if to love the generous Marquis be a crime—forgive and pity me, when you learn I died for it.

I am weak and faint—but have reassumed the pen to assure you that I  
shall

shall obey your commands. Inclosed you will find the fatal packet, which your friendly hand undertakes to convey to Lord Huntley. I shall enter upon the melancholy detail immediately. Think me not ungrateful, my Lady—think me not obstinate—ah! rather suppose me too yielding—too grateful in my nature. The tears of sensibility flow whilst I write—and may they, dear Lady Huntley! wash from your remembrance the presumptuous wishes of

Your Ladyship's

Most respectfully affectionate

ELIZA WARWICK.

TO



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY.

**Y**OUR reproaches, my Lord, wound me less than your softness, and I only wish that your letter had ended as it began—how easy would it be to have convinced you, you accused me wrongfully!—how easy to have justified myself! The perfidy of my sex might be lamented by you—but you have no reason to exclaim against it from experiencing it in me. I am a woman, 'tis true, my Lord—a weak, a helpless woman!—but honour, gratitude, and fidelity, dwell not firmer in the breast of man than in mine. Ah! my Lord, have I not proved it? The sacrifice I am about to make will convince you of it.

The reproachful part of your letter thus answered, I am come to *that* which  
I find

I find it much more difficult to reply to.—Ah! Huntley, why should I be more hardened to your severity than your tenderness? why did Nature bestow on me a heart too sensible for my peace?—or why must my happiness be the victim of capricious Fortune!—Dear Huntley! wish me not to forget my duty.

Did I sigh?—did I blush?—when first you revealed——Ah! what a scene!—let me draw the dark shade of oblivion over it—let me banish it for ever from my remembrance! Happy moments! Must I not recur to ye! Must I not reflect what bliss ye seemed to promise! Suffer me to lay down my pen for a few minutes——

\* \* \* \* \*

This unpardonable weakness—forgive it, my Lord—delightful as it may appear

appear to you now—after your perusal of the following sheets, it will need an apology. I am going to lay before you the history of an unfortunate life—the mystery which you have so often wished to understand——then will you find the poor Eliza an orphan in every sense of the word—friendless—seduced—abandoned——Is this the woman you fondly love?—this an object for Lord Huntley to adore?—Impossible! —— Oh! tear Eliza from your heart! — leave her to her fate! —— Yet ah! my Lord, from your compassion I claim a benignant tear—read, and pity me!—— allow the tenderness of your soul to whisper, she is unfortunate, not culpable—she merits my friendship, tho' she has lost all title to my love.——Once more I must resign my pen——

\* \* \* \* \*

Lady

Lady Isabella Trevice—sufferyour reason to behold her such as she is my Lord—noble, rich, young, and beautiful—Now turn your eyes on the poor Eliza—What a contrast! . . . . . Be happy, my Lord—I can never make you so—but in forgetting me, you will lose the remembrance of much misfortune—My word, my honour, have I pledged to keep the secret of my confinement—suffice it to say, I am in a convent, and was it written in the book of Fate that I *could* taste of peace, I might enjoy it here.

Adieu! my Lord; my sorrows will soon be ended, and you may then, without regret, remember, that, while you thought me innocent, you loved me.—The grave shews objects less criminal than they appeared in life; and, without a blush, you will say, “Eliza Warwick dared to possess for me the tenderest affection.”—Yes, my Huntley—her  
agonizing



agonizing heart aspires to love you—and she now declares it, because the hour approaches when death will excuse her to you. To your merit I owe this confession—and I can safely make it now, when the amiable Lady Huntley will have nothing to fear from the discovery. Again adieu! ever dearest and most generous of men! Reflect with pity on the fate of

ELIZA WARWICK.

T H E



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ELIZA WARWICK.

ADDRESSED TO THE  
MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY.

I SHOULD, my Lord, preface this history with an assurance of my feeling regret at sending it, since I know the sensible heart of him to whom it is addressed---If it occasions a few pangs to that heart, some tears may drop---I shall thank you for your pity---but much rather would I save your generous bosom from so distressful a visitant--- and forever bury from your knowledge a story replete with wretchedness and woe.

Lady

—Lady Huntley, my Lord, has desired me to point out to you the impossibility of our ever being united—the most effectual method of obeying her is to send you the sad history of the unfortunate object that you would raise to the happiness of becoming your wife—Behold, then, my Lord, I am ready to pass over *once more* the melancholy scenes of my life to do you service—scenes! which the bare recollection of throws my soul into agonies—yet, when I remember the motive of thus tearing open wounds which the lenient hand of Time had but just closed—when I remember that Lord Huntley is to be relieved from inquietude by my suffering afresh—I undertake the task with eagerness—every dart of sorrow this relation must cost me, will in some measure be blunted by that reflection.—The cause in which I am engaged is a generous one; it may save your honour, my Lord—but must kill my hopes.—

How

How much I prefer the former to the latter—those happy emotions which took their rise from love—the sacrifice I am going to make—will determine.

My mother was the fourth daughter of the late Earl of Tenterdon—At the age of sixteen she was mistress of every accomplishment that could adorn her sex—The luxuriance of beauty which even at that early period she possessed, rendered her the object of general admiration. Lady Tenterdon (whether thro' vanity, or a mistaken fondness for my mother) was anxious to exhibit the lovely Lady Eliza Darcey thus soon at Court. That point of ceremony, so important in the eye of Nobility, being attained, she was ushered immediately into the gay world.—At every public place she constituted the principal part of admiration—The finest spectacle—the finest singer—the finest actor—were disregarded

garded the moment Lady Eliza appeared. She was the idol of her father, and “the fond darling” (as Lady Tenterdon used to term it) “of her mother’s heart.”—Eliza was the compass by which their most ambitious hopes were steered, and they doubted not the pilot who would bring them into the harbour they aimed at, by adding to their illustrious connections.

The noise this new beauty made was not to be surpassed by the renown of the most valiant—nor did Cæsar triumph over more conquests than did Lady Eliza Darcey—her slaves were as numerous as her different airs—and, surely, in one so young and so admired, many may be thought allowable.

In the suite of her adorers the Duke of Beauvarise was not the most unheeded; and, if Lady Eliza felt no prepossession

session



feſſion in his favour, it was enough that Lord and Lady Tenterdon thought him, the moſt accompliſhed of men.— This nobleman, with an immense fortune, had youth, ſenſe, perſon, and merit, to recommend him.—The refractory heart will often ſee objections in an object, where they really do not exiſt—the Duke's faults with Lady Eliza were not few; and as he was too much in love to prove as good a rallier as her vivacity and inſenſibility to his paſſion ſuffered her to be, ſhe treated him with a degree of ſeverity in her ſatire which nothing but the moſt fervent attachment on his ſide could have excuſed. He propoſed himſelf to the Earl as a match for his daughter, and was joyfully accepted of: an early day for the celebration of nuptials, which were to be the foundation of felicity to all but Eliza, was as eagerly granted by Lord Tenterdon



terdon as solicited for by the impatient Beauvarise.

Lady Norfolk (my mother's second sister) was about that time going down to her seat in Huntingdonshire ; and Lady Eliza, during the drawing-up of settlements, and the preparations usual on such occasions, desired leave to attend her sister into the country.

Now, my Lord, am I approaching a period in which I begin to feel myself affected—a period on which the happiness of my honoured mother's life depended. Lady Norfolk was that sort of woman who strikes with admiration at the first view—her person was beautiful—in saying that you bestowed on her the only encomium she merited—yet to accuse her of any flagrant crime would be unjust—her happiness centered in adoration, to every thing else

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she was insensible—to meet with that darling tribute to her charms, she appeared continually in some dissipated scene—Never, with her own consent, would Lady Norfolk have left London, had she not known that her Lord loved society so well, as to insure her a train of admirers—and that in Huntingdonshire she would reign over a little principality unrivalled by any sister beauty—at least who could figure in so distinguished and attractive a line as she did—This reflection consoled her, and they departed from town.

Norfolk-Mansion was the resort of the young and gay—Pleasure ruled with absolute dominion, and each day was witness to the institution of some new entertainment.

Lady Eliza, very unhappy from the change that was so soon to take place  
in

in her situation, wished for more retirement, and to be enabled to indulge her chagrin without controul—When she *could* steal a moment to herself, she reasoned with her heart—Duty—gratitude—nay, ambition!—were urged to banish its insensibility—and every art used to inspire her soul with those sentiments of love which the Duke was but too justly entitled to—yet all were fruitless; they recoiled against the purpose they were intended to execute, and she never thought of the connection so soon to take place without shuddering—“I will write to my father,” cried Lady Eliza one day, almost drowned in tears, “I will open my soul to him, and own I am unhappy.” Her pen was instantly employed—it addressed Lord Tenterdon in terms that would have moved the most indifferent to the woes of a fellow creature—Alas! her situation was truly deplorable? she had no resource

Source but in the mercy of a man who was impenetrable to the pleadings of Nature, when they were to clash with his ambition —and who on such occasions resembled in his feelings

“ A savage bred in Scythian wilds ; soft humanizing Pity never reach'd his heart.”

Frequently was Lord Tenterdon heard to declare, *he would prefer seeing his daughters dead at his feet, than behold them wedded to the worthiest men without titles and riches.* His answer was therefore peremptory, and Lady Eliza received it with evident marks of horror.

One day, tired of the incessant croud which hurried to Norfolk Mansion, she complained of indisposition, and excused herself from leaving her apartment.— About nine in the evening, when she thought every person engaged in the saloon, she was tempted by the serenity of the weather, and the brightness of the



moon, to walk in those delightful woods which Lord Norfolk had taken much pains to render beautiful—The trees were thick, and the beams that broke through them from the spangled horizon, and the charming orb which shone in its fullest splendour, for some time, conspired to assist the sad turn of her mind, and gave her a taste of the voluptuousness of sorrow, which she eagerly indulged.—Weary at length with walking, she seated herself on the root of a largelime, and charmed by a melodious nightingale that had perched on one of its branches, listened to its melancholy notes with enthusiastic pleasure.—Her sensibility, ever lively, ever exquisite, inspired in her breast the most delightful sensations, and she was nearly responsive to a song so soft—so accordant to the harmony of her own soul.—The charm did not continue—the bird flew from that side of the grove, and her ideas reassumed



reassumed their natural tendency—  
“Happy bird!” cried she audibly, “how  
unconstrained art thou!—Thy song is  
happy, though, ’tis plaintive; and thy  
little heart flutters not at ills to come—  
Ah! poor Eliza! how soon wilt thou  
wish for its insensibility! how miserable  
will one short month make thee! **C**rue!  
father! most unkind of men! you  
possess not paternal feelings!”—A  
flood of tears prevented her saying more,  
and she was so totally absorbed in the  
idea of her wretchedness, that she per-  
ceived not a man standing before her, in  
an attitude of astonishment and compas-  
sion—she started at the sound of his voice,  
when he thus exclaimed, “Ah! Ma-  
dam, you seem overwhelmed with af-  
fliction; permit me to intreat that those  
charming eyes may be dried, and em-  
ploy *me* on any occasion that can even in  
the slightest manner calm your anxiety.  
I am a man of honour; and, though a  
C 2 stranger

stranger to you, am authorised by that sacred title to say, you may dare confide in me—My soul is humane—it never yet harboured deceit, or availed itself of opportunity to hurt the innocent—judge, then, of the propriety of my sentiments towards you, and how I am affected at beholding so fair a creature a prey to that devouring monster Grief—Say, Madam, how can I possibly relieve you—and my zeal in serving you will best vouch the sincerity of my words.” Lady Eliza was now struck with her imprudence—Fear fixed her torpid to her place whilst the stranger spoke; when he ended, a numerous croud of thoughts rushed on her mind, and distracted her with fear and confusion—that which disturbed her most was, that she had partly revealed her secret to a man she never saw, and who might ungenerously use the discovery to her disadvantage.—Filled with this idea,

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she

she quitted her seat, and with a tone of high disdain exclaimed, “ Begone ! bold intruder—begone and seek no further to molest my retirement.”—The stranger bowed low, and retreated, when for the first time Lady Eliza viewed him with less inattention than she had done, and in *his* discovered the most perfect form her eyes had ever beheld——“ Heavens !” said Lady Eliza in a very low voice, “ who is it I have thus addressed ? What a savage must he think me ! I will advance towards him—I will apologize.”—She did so.—“ Sir, I ought to ask your pardon,” (cried the trembling beauty) “ for my incivility, and add my thanks for your generous offer—but, alas ! I am unhappy—and no one on earth (but those who will not) can relieve me.—Adieu ! Sir ; forget this scene.” She was hurrying from him, when the charming stranger caught hold of her hand,

hand, "Rather ought I to implore your pardon, Madam, for my unreasonable interruption—but allow me to explain myself—I am an unfortunate man, entangled in an engagement the most cruel—My father has dragged me to Lord Norfolk's with the lady he has allotted for my bride—Sick of the company, but most of her, I came into these walks to indulge a chagrin too visible to be concealed—and hardly had I wandered ten minutes before I discovered you—Need I say more?—I saw your sorrow—I heard your pathetic exclamations—and, unable to contain myself longer, I dared to disturb your solitude—Forgive me, Madam; 'tis I who should sue for forgiveness." Lady Eliza heard—and could have remained to listen, had he spoke for ages.—At length she begged him to say no more on a subject that made her blush for her behaviour; and, after assuring him



him of her concern for his unhappy situation, told him her name—and begged to be informed of his. “My name, Madam, is Warwick—my father is a near neighbour of Lord Norfolk’s, and with your permission I will call here to-morrow, and will hope to be favoured with a sight of the most lovely woman in the universe.” Lady Eliza would not accept of his attendance to the house; and, half dead with fear and wonder, she made the best of her way to her own apartment.—“Ah!” cried she, throwing herself into a chair, “am I not indeed culpable?—These emotions—the sound of *that* voice—  
—Oh! Warwick—Who and what art thou?—charming, generous man!—Your griefs are equal to mine—our fate bears some resemblance.” After such expressions, I need not say that Lady Eliza spent a disturbed and restless night: they are sufficient to evince  
she



she took some interest in Colonel Warwick's misfortunes. She arose early the next morning, dressed with a care and anxiety she knew not how to account for, and thought the hours the longest she had ever spent, when Lady Norfolk entering her dressing room, "Come, Eliza"—said she, "come down, and see the beauty and admiration of the world—Young Warwick, just arrived from Italy, with all the airs and graces that nature can bestow, or art acquire, comes thus often to my house, to shew his sense of the power of my charms: he was here yesterday, child—but you are so unaccountably dull—else you might have seen him sooner—I must tell you a compliment he paid me—he took my hand as he was going away, and, looking at me very attentively, exclaimed, "Beautiful Lady Norfolk! how much does the loveliest woman that Nature ever created

created resemble you! her eyes—her delicacy! “An Italian, or a Parisian, I suppose?” “No, faith—an English Divinity, my Lady.” “There’s for you, Eliza—you see the poor man loves me—but I will keep him at a distance—He has never seen you yet, as he declared at dinner when Lord B. gave you as his toast—else I should think he meant that you were like me—you know, my dear, your eyes have been paid the compliment of being thought like mine.” Thus she ran on, and might have done so much longer without suffering any interruption from Lady Eliza, had not Lady Norfolk’s impatience to see this Adonis put a period to her volubility. Her sister with blushes, and a pleasing palpitation, consented to attend her into the drawing room, where all the company were assembled. One glance towards a large pier glass, which reflected the whole of her figure, gave her encouragement, and

told her she was never more adorned for conquest. With trembling steps Lady Eliza followed Lady Norfolk into the room, where the insinuating Warwick was seated, not less agitated than the fair one whom he momentarily expected. As soon as the ladies entered, he approached with the rest of the gentlemen to pay them the compliments of the morning, when Lord Norfolk, taking the hand of Col. Warwick, drew him up to Lady Eliza, and begged leave to introduce him to her as the friend of his earliest days.

Suffer me, my Lord, to pass over the minutes—the hours—that flew unperceived by these lovers, (for sincere ones they very soon became after this introduction,) until Lady Eliza received a command to return to town, importing that the Duke of Beauvarise was impatient to call her his. She wrote to her  
mother,

mother, to open to her the situation of her heart—she besought Lady Tenterdon to be her advocate with her father, and urge him to lay aside the cruel resolution of sacrificing her to ambitious motives—she declared her love for Col. Warwick and concluded by assuring her Ladyship, that nothing but death could tear his image from her heart.

This letter exasperated both father and mother, and they sent Lord Westley (their eldest son) to attend her to town, and to carry their final answer to “this undutiful daughter,” as they called her.

When Lord Westley arrived at Norfolk Mansion, he addressed the gentle Eliza in the cruellest and harshest strain—he terrified her with his unmanly threats, and swore he would challenge her lover, if she seemed the least reluctant to part from him. The noise and



bustle, which this hot-headed young man occasioned, drew Lady Norfolk out of her reverie, and she was at last sensible that Col. Warwick admired only her sister. Stung with resentment at being deprived of so delightful a conquest, she loaded her with reproaches for her dissimulation and clandestine encouragement of him, and insisted on Lady Eliza accompanying Lord Westley immediately to London; bidding her, at the same time, *to be careful how she ever entered her house again.*

The unhappy sufferer, obliged to comply, gave a passive hand to her inhuman brother, who put her into his chaise, and after some hours travelling post arrived in town.

Col. Warwick, on hearing of the abrupt departure of his loved Eliza, was almost deprived of reason: he sought out  
his



his father, and, throwing himself at his feet, intreated his sanction to follow the mistress of his soul, and save her from falling a wretched sacrifice to merciless oppression. His father at first ridiculed his romantic notions; but finding his distress too poignant to bear rallying patiently, assumed a serious air, and told him he never could consent (or even listen a second time) to a proposal so near bordering on madness—He reminded him of the large fortune he should get by his marriage with Miss Denson, and the small one Lord Tenterdon could give his daughter—“The first is an heiress, my boy,” cried the miserable old man; “the second may be a beauty—but she has not an hundred and fifty thousand pounds to give her the finishing stroke—Come, come, Harry, you are a younger brother, and must court fortune in the way I point out to you—If you do not marry Miss Denson, I swear  
by

by every thing most sacred, you, or your posterity, shall never be the better for a shilling of mine." 'Keep, then, yourself,' cried the young man: 'I do not ask you for it, Sir; my happiness consists not in money—you convince me yours does; *I* will not lessen it, by taking a guinea from you; enjoy it, Sir, and with it every blessing—I will wander in search of that peace I should for ever relinquish in so detestable an union—bestow on me the parental wishes of a father—'tis all I desire.' At these last words he kneeled again to the enraged Baronet, and taking one of his hands respectfully passed it to his lips—after which, he mounted his horse, and galloped to his friend Sir Edward Bentick's where he staid three days, in expectation of hearing from Lady Eliza—His hopes were vain—no letter appeared in that time; and, his anxiety increasing with each minute, he imagined, as most people

people do, when warmly interested in any event which passes at some distance from them, that every stranger who comes from that spot can give intelligence of the *important affair*.—He rode towards London—and, in the heat of impatience, and torture of suspense, was ready to inquire of every one he met, coming from thence, *Whether Lady Eliza was married? If Lord Tenterdon kept her confined? &c. &c.*

He was just alighted at Stevenage, when his servant came to tell him, *that a gentleman inquired for him, and that upon being told he was on his way to London, he seemed glad of the information, and begged to be admitted to his conversation, for he had something of consequence to deliver and communicate to him.* ‘Shew him in,’ cried the transported Warwick, ‘he brings me tidings of my Eliza,’ He prophesied truly.

Lady

Lady Eliza had been closely confined on her arrival in town, and allowed to see no visitor but the Duke of Beauvarise. She considered that Nobleman's character—she knew there was some amiable traits in it—and, without reserve, frankly confessed to him the situation of her heart.—She implored him not only to defer the marriage, but to endeavour to convey a letter from her to Col. Warwick——“ Ah! Madam,” replied the astonished Duke, “ what is it you tell me? A rival!—a happy rival, too! Is it possible!” He traversed the room in an agitation little short of phrenzy—the afflicted Eliza burst into tears—the sight of them were too affecting not to make an impression on the sensibility of Beauvarise—He paused, viewed her with attention, and, falling on his knees, exclaimed, “ Charming, amiable Eliza! for Heaven's sake let me not see you weep—Ah! pity me! —overcome



——overcome not my resolutions——  
suffer me to hope.” She arose, and  
turning from him, ‘Love me! Good  
God! can this be called love, to assist  
in making me miserable?—No, my  
Lord, so generous a passion your bosom  
is a stranger to.’ “I will convince  
you, Madam,” (replied the unfortunate  
Beauvarise) “that I am not the selfish  
monster you take me for—No—I will  
obey you, though you command me to  
bring him to you—though you exact  
of me the painful task of bestowing you  
on him—I will fly, Madam—I will  
seek out this happy lover—I will bring  
him to your feet—and then tear my-  
self for ever from your sight—lest your  
compassion should cause one sigh to  
escape your bosom, when you see me  
the victim of your cruelty.” As he en-  
ded he wiped a tear from either eye,  
and besought her with composure to  
employ him in her service. Lady Eliza

was



was penetrated with sorrow—but reflecting on this opportunity as the only one perhaps she should ever gain of forwarding her wishes—with many tears apologies, and encomiums on his exalted way of thinking, she intrusted the amiable Beauvarise with a letter to Col. Warwick.—‘Inquire for him, my Lord,’ cried Eliza, ‘at every stage between this and Warwick-Hall, for I make no doubt he is on the road to London.’ The Duke received the packet with emotion; and, after assuring her he would be faithful to his trust, quitted Lord Tenterdon’s house with precipitation. “Ah! what am I about to do?” said he, as soon as he retired; “to resign the most desirable object in the world—nay, more—to seek for my rival, and meditate with him how to secure her to him—I shudder at the idea—I never can accomplish it—Merciful Heaven! what a trial!

trial!———Yet is it not incumbent on me to be generous?—Shall Beauvarise suffer a low-minded selfishness to prevent his making one effort that (though it costs him dear) will give happiness to the woman he adores?—I can not hesitate—Dear Eliza! I must not abuse your confidence—your peace should be preferred to my own.”

When the Duke got home, he ordered a hired chaise and horses, and without an attendant set off immediately for Huntingdonshire—He had travelled great part of the night, and was waiting for fresh horses at Stevenage, when Col. Warwick stopped at the same inn, whose name being accidentally mentioned by the waiter, in the Duke’s hearing, led him to make the necessary inquiries, and caused his heart to throb with a variety of emotions—not the least predominant amongst them  
was

was that of pleasure, in so soon having an opportunity of obliging the charming Eliza.

The moment Col. Warwick's servant presented his master's compliments, and intreated the favour of the stranger's company, the Duke followed him into the room, where Col. Warwick was waiting his arrival with impatience. No sooner did he behold the elegant person of Warwick, and his animated countenance, than he sighed within himself at the very great advantages this dangerous rival possessed, and reluctantly approved Lady Eliza's taste.

After the usual salutations that two well-bred men (not having met before) are supposed to make, Beauvarise proceeded to business—"Sir," said he, with an agitation he could not conceal, "I am come on an extraordinary errand;

rand; I have travelled post to embrace a man I have cause to hate—and, what is worse, to deliver him a tender billet from the mistress of my affections.” —‘ Strange, indeed!’ replied Warwick; ‘ Can I be of any service to you, Sir, in this affair?—I should hope so, by your doing me the honour of desiring an interview’——“ Hold, Sir,” answered the Duke; “ Do you know this hand?” shewing him part of the superscription of Lady Eliza’s letter—Warwick reddened—‘ Sir, you are disposed to trifle—rendered desperate by wretchedness, I can but ill brook it—Who are you?’ “ A few minutes calmness,” returned the unfortunate lover——“ I am that Beauvarise who was intended for Lady Eliza Darcy’s husband—the despised—the miserable object of her aversion——I am come to make you blessed—to present you with this letter—It is but just, after  
having



having given you both pain, that I should seek for opportunities of doing you service——No thanks, Sir——(for Warwick had grasped his hand, and though his tongue refused utterance to his acknowledgments, his intelligent eyes expressed all the grateful feelings of his heart)——I merit none——Were you in my situation, would you not act thus?——I will leave you to indulge the transports that letter must cause, without constraint.” He hurried out of the room, and left Warwick absorbed in admiration and astonishment. He soon recovered himself, however, at casting his eyes on the well-known writing of his Eliza; and, after kissing the letter with rapture, broke the seal, and read the following words :

“ THE generous Duke of Beauvarise conveys this to your hands, my Warwick——and I have only time to tell  
you



you, that he will concert some method for our meeting, and that speedily.—I am hurried—I am interrupted by my fears.—Adieu !”

‘ Ever dear ! ever faithful Eliza !’ exclaimed he ‘ thou hast made me the happiest of my sex !’ He hastened out in pursuit of the most amiable of men, whom he found walking up and down the room in profound meditation—He advanced towards him, and throwing himself at his feet, he poured forth the effusions of a soul overwhelmed with the tenderest obligations—He entreated Beauvarise to tell him, whether the sacrifice he had made was a painful one —‘ Ah ! if it is,’ cried he, ‘ Warwick can be generous too, and he will never deprive so exalted a heart of its peace, tho’ his own should be the victim.’  
“ Rise, amiable youth,” said the Duke ;  
“ do not thus distress me—I make no sacrifice

sacrifice—inquire no further—Eliza loves you—and you alone can make her happy.”

The friends spent the remainder of the night, and some hours of the following morning, in conversation; each moment that brought them better acquainted shewed them the intrinsic worth of both.—About six o'clock they set out together for London.

I should be too prolix, my Lord, were I to enumerate the many meetings the excellent Beauvarise contrived for these lovers—However, the important moment arrived that united them, and that is too essential to be omitted.

Lord Tenterdon began to grow uneasy at the dilatory work of the lawyers, and proposed to the Duke to marry his daughter before the settlements

ments were finished—Beauvarise played his part admirably—he assured his Lordship his wishes kept pace with his desires, and he would testify his joy by giving a superb ball, at his house in Grosvenor-Square, the night before the ceremony was to be performed, and fixed it for the week following.

The Earl promised that all his family should be there; but excused himself, as too gouty and infirm to be out late.—This apology was readily accepted, and the Duke waited on Lady Eliza to communicate to her this intelligence.—The plan was laid, and on the night of this ball, Lady Eliza, instead of being handed to her chair, was put into a chaise by Col. Warwick and the Duke, and they immediately set off for Scotland.

Lady Tenterdon, who had gone to her own apartments directly as she was sat down at home, heard nothing of Eliza's being missing till she arose the next noon. The most faithful, and the favourite attendant of Lady Eliza had been ordered to wait in the chaise, at some little distance from the Duke's, for it was designed she should accompany her mistress in her flight. The servants of the house supposed their young lady had been suffered to go home with Lady Emily Colville, her eldest sister, as it was very usual for her to do so—they had therefore no suspicions—nor, indeed, could her unerring prudence (until that night) ever have given rise to any. Her footman had been corrupted, and returned not till nine o'clock in the morning to Lord Tenterdon's—when, with well-dissembled honesty, he enquired whether “his Lady was returned?”—and made out a feasible



feasible story, that he and the chairmen were in waiting at the Duke's from twelve o'clock the preceding night, and when they saw Lady Tenterdon get into her chair, they expected to be called immediately—but the Duke's house being quiet, (the company having all separated by six,) and finding it to no purpose to remain any longer, they came home to rest, making no doubt but that they should hear tidings of Lady Eliza at their return.

Lady Tenterdon, when she was dressed, sent to desire her daughter to attend her and her Lord at breakfast, in her dressing-room. Her woman hesitated—“ You do not hear me,” cried her Ladyship. ‘ Lady Eliza did not lodge at home last night, my Lady.’—“ *Not lodge at home!* Was there ever such stupidity! Do you go, (turning to another of her maids)—do you endeavour



to understand this command!" Ah! my Lady,' exclaimed the affrighted Abigail, 'what Storer tells you is really true: Lady Eliza did not come home last night—she is, I suppose, with one of our young ladies.'——Lady Tenterdon was wild with her presages——“What is it you tell me!” cried she; “my daughter not returned!—Gracious Heaven! what can have become of her!—Dispatch messengers to Lady Emily Colville's—Lady Harriet Pelham's—she must be with one of her sisters——Where are her servants?—the men who attended her?—they can inform us.” Their story was related—Half dead with terror, she flew to Lord Tenterdon, and found him writing in his closet—She informed him of her fears, and asked his opinion——He replied, ‘Lady Eliza was gone to his daughter Emily's, and she need not alarm herself.’—But when the messengers

gers returned from Lady Colville's and Lady Pelham's, with an account of her not being at either place, it became too serious to be trifled with.

Lord Westley, who had been out of town some days, at that moment alighted at his father's; and upon being told the cause of their alarm, he went to the Duke's, and enquired for him—The servant, who opened a parlour-door, and begged him to enter, informed him “that his Grace had set off for one of his country-seats that very morning, by break of day.”——What perplexities!——They could form no idea of Eliza's fate—But Lord Tenterdon, unwilling to believe his favourite scheme would prove abortive, pretended to be well convinced she was with some female friend in London, and would be at home very shortly.——All that day they were tortured with suspense—

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They concluded, that, if she designed to let Col. Warwick into the secret of her elopement she could not do it in less than twenty four hours; and after the receipt of her letter, some time must be consumed ere Col. Warwick could arrive in London: this reflection comforted them, and they determined that every search should be directly made after the *culpable* fugitive.—But what appeared most unaccountable was, the sudden departure of Beauvarise—“*She could not have gone off with him!*”—The very thought of it made the old Earl rub his hands, and exclaim, “Ah! I don’t doubt it—the girl has spirit, and wants to surprise us with a frolic—the idea is good.” However excellent it might be, it did not calm his fears, which would intrude in spite of his endeavours to stifle them—All that day was spent in fruitless inquiries—the night, in vain surmises. The next morning a  
letter

letter from the Duke of Beauvarise unravelled the mystery, and left them without one doubt to give them comfort. I transcribe a copy of it to your Lordship, as it must serve to shew the nobleness of sentiment which this young Nobleman possessed—He was a man who did honour to his country, and adorned the Court—Pity that Fate had not spared him to England and his friends some time longer!—But dare I arraign the decree of Heaven! Alas! my Lord, the tear of regret will fall, in spite of my resignation to its will.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF TENTERDON.

“ My Lord,

“ SENSIBLE of your Lordship’s humanity, conscious of the tenderness you experience for the ami-

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able

able Lady Eliza, and perfectly assured of her filial affection and love of virtue, I am seated, not to become a suppliant for her, (that I am sure would be unnecessary,) but to awaken those sentiments of compassion for the unhappy which are readily excited in your and Lady Tenterdon's bosoms.

“ Your sweet Eliza, your darling child, my Lord, is the object for whom those sentiments must *now* glow.—Almost driven by my unfortunate passion, and your reiterated commands, to wed a man she could not love—even when she declared to you her inclination for another—be not surprisèd if the brink of misery she stood on gave her courage to break through the cruel injunction of a parent, by seeking refuge in the protection of the most excellent of his sex.—Your daughter, my Lord, is married—I am the chief contriver of  
of



of this union——Too generous to deceive, she informed me of the situation of her heart—and when I knew how worthily it was bestowed, I repaid her confidence, in the best manner I was able, by securing her felicity—I did it at the moment she was most beloved by me—You my Lord, surely! will not deal less tenderly——Reflect, that, if a Lover could give up his dearest hopes in the possession of a mistress, a Father should do more for a child who never erred till obliged to it by his arbitrary commands, in a point where the slightest compulsion ought never to be used.

“ Col. Warwick, my Lord, is of a noble family—he has distinguished himself lately in the service of the King, which well authorized the rapid promotion of so young a man—his own sex esteem, and wish to copy him; the other admire, and sigh for him—Does

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not

not this evince that the amiable Warwick is sensible, generous, sincere, and elegant?—My pen is inadequate to the eulogiums he merits—in a word, Lady Eliza only is deserving of him.

“ The only misfortune Col. Warwick at present knows, is the having offended his father by disappointing his views in an alliance he had planned for him with a woman of fortune, as deformed in her person as she was in temper—and who promised him, in her appearance, a life of wretchedness, had they met in the connubial bands. He declared his aversion to the lady to Sir William Warwick, and that nothing should induce him to marry her; and for this open violation of his authority will, no doubt, feel his resentment.—Even the honour of being connected to your Lordship could not dazzle the eyes of a miser—but, had Lady Eliza possessed

possessed an equal share of fortune with Miss Denson,—Sir William would have thought of his marriage with rapture.

“ I shudder when I reflect what the delicate Eliza would have suffered with a lover less attached to her than I was—her tears might not have moved him—her prayers and sighs wasted in vain, she would have become the sad victim of parental authority—Ah! Lord Tenterdon, bless Heaven for her escape, an open wide your arms to receive this amiable child!—Suffer me to bring her to them; and for her sake, as well as his own, honour Col. Warwick with your friendship—your assistance. By my advice they have left England till you can view this affair in a proper light; on your answer, my Lord, depends their immediate return.

“ Be convinced that I am not less your friend than before this event happened—and that I shall ever esteem myself happy in testifying to your Lordship (or any part of your family) that I am, my Lord,

Your and their sincere

and most devoted servant,

BEAUVARISE.”

Lord Tenterdon, upon reading this letter, looked and spoke more like a madman than a reasonable being—he reproached Lady Tenterdon with her carelessness that fatal night—he abused Lord Westley for being out of town—but most of all he execrated the noble Beauvarise, as the cause of his *greatest* misfortune. In vain did his family endeavour to pacify him—“ Take no notice

notice of the ungrateful girl," cried they in one voice—"let her suffer for her disobedience—forget that you have such a daughter—she is unworthy of our regard." These unkind suggestions serve but to raise more fiercely the sparks of resentment in his bosom—and, retiring to his study, he writ the following answer to the Duke, which contained the most cruel of resolutions, and which no father but Lord Tenterdon could have adhered to.

TO HIS GRACE THE  
DUKE OF BEAUVARISE.

" My Lord,

" YOUR Grace's letter has filled me with astonishment—I took you for a friend, but you have proved a most dangerous enemy—It is necessary to assure your Grace, that I require  
I from



from you *no more* good offices—and yet I have a favour to ask of you, my Lord, which is this, that you will inform the artful wretch whom you insultingly remind me of being father to, to keep herself, her husband, and her poverty, far from my doors—they shall be shut to all three—and never will I—in the awful sight of Heaven I swear it—never will I relieve her, or hers, though ruin should stare them in the face, and beggary walk close upon their steps—Tell them this, my Lord; and assure Lady Eliza Warwick she shall never see or hear more from her enraged father, and

Your Grace's

Much disappointed servant,

TENTERDON."

The

The Colonel, Lady Eliza, and her faithful domestic, arrived, after many fears of being overtaken, at the place of destination ; and there these faithful lovers immediately parted with their liberty, without one regret—Lady Eliza indeed, often sighed at the resentment she must experience from her family—but the idea of their cruelty, in meaning to make a sacrifice of her, in spite of all her tears and entreaties, vindicated her conduct in her own eyes—She was not destitute of hope that the Duke would be a successful intercessor with Lord and Lady Tenterdon, and anticipated the joy she should feel at being restored to their favour.—These reflections calmed her spirits, and in a little while she considered herself as the happiest of her sex.—Ah ! how little could she foresee the calamities that were so near overwhelming her ;—The blackest prospects were gathering around,

around, and the short shun-shine that illumined her nuptials only gave an increase of horror to her situation when ingulfed in the storms of Fate.

After a fortnight spent in Scotland, in which time they received no intelligence from the Duke, they determined to return to England, and know what they were to expect from Lord Tenterdon. Warwick did not suppose his father would ever part with a shilling towards their support; however, on his marriage, he wrote him a very respectful letter, and acquainted him with his connection, which, he hoped “would not offend his father, since it made the son happy.” Sir William made no reply to this—but some days after mentioned, in the hearing of a friend of Col. Warwick, that “he never would take any notice of the imprudent youth, who had forfeited a fine fortune  
by

by his folly, and with it *his* affection for ever ;” adding, “ he would now find the difference—and that to live upon a wife’s beauty, is easier in a lover’s theory than a husband’s practice.”

When the new-married pair arrived in London, they sent to the Duke of Beauvarise, begging to see him as soon as his conveniency would permit them that pleasure—This amiable friend flew immediately to Col. Warwick’s lodgings, and there with infinite reluctance he revealed the whole of Lord Tenterdon’s behaviour——“ Sorry am I,” said the excellent Beauvarise, “ to give a moment’s uneasiness to persons whom love and honour conspired to render happy ; but, alas ! those two noble sentiments, though they may contribute towards felicity, do not always insure it—and Lord Tenterdon’s restless ambition has power sufficient to deprive them



them of their just reward—he is inexorable—he is unnatural—he forgets humanity while he prophesies wretchedness and he shuts close his heart when he foretels poverty—Weep not, beautiful Eliza,” cried he, with emotion—“those tears affect me too deeply—Ah! my God! is it my fate ever to give you uneasiness?—My fortune—my interest—shall be employed in the service of our Warwick—nor shall he, or his, ever know the stings of indigence, as your liberal father portends.”—‘My Lord,’ cried the agitated Eliza, ‘spare my father!—I have no reason to condemn him—he holds me culpable, and that I merit his resentment—My Warwick—ah! what distresses have I brought down on thee! do not love me less—something may yet happen to pacify Lord Tenterdon—in that hope be comforted—and banish that look of despair, my dear Warwick, which seems as if  
you

you already felt the wretchedness of Fate.' "*despair!*—*wretchedness!*—Ah! why these heart-rending expressions, Eliza?" clasping her to his bosom—  
"No, my angel, with you I can fear neither—and I swear by Heaven the single happiness of calling you mine transcends every other felicity this world can give——Pomp and splendour are despised by me—I am a soldier—and whilst I serve with zeal my country, and the best of Kings, we need not fear the frowns of Fortune—they will both provide for my Eliza—and if she can forgo the opulence and luxuries she is intitled to, we shall have enough to live on, and be more blest in each other."

This scene was much too tender for the sensible soul of Beauvarise—After repeating his assurances of friendship, he bade the lovely couple adieu.

After

After all, it was a serious reflection how to settle matters so œconomically as to live upon the pay Col. Warwick then received, and more so when we reflect that both parties had been bred up in all the splendour of greatness——Certain it is, however, that love can metamorphose strangely—and the gentle Lady Eliza became such an adept in domestic affairs, as to live with elegance on the trifling sum of three hundred a year. Col. Warwick's house was small, but it was a perfect pattern for neatness——They kept two female servants, and a footman—her faithful Jen-net was still with her, and officiated about her person—Never did happiness arrive to a greater height—not even amongst the great—nor did fewer wants arise unsatisfied than in this little humble dwelling.

Lady

Lady Eliza was not quite a year married when she presented Warwick with a son——but it lived only long enough to receive the rites of baptism, and the embraces of its parents—Here I cannot but bewail that even the protection of a brother was denied me!—

\* \* \* \* \*

The Duke of Beauvarise never forgot that he had loved Lady Eliza, and possessed the highest sentiments of regard for her husband—he was tender, assiduous, and faithful, to them both—and after having for a long time sought an opportunity of getting Warwick promoted, it so happened, that the regiment of which the Duke was General was ordered to the East-Indies, and he lost not a moment in having his friend raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General—but the conditions were rather harder

der than the Duke wished them to be—and Warwick's accompanying the regiment was not to be obviated.

Beauvarise, unable to convey the pleasing yet alarming intelligence in person, wrote Warwick a letter, in which his joy and grief were visibly blended—at the instant he congratulated him on the promotion he had acquired in the army, he trembled at the idea of Lady Eliza's feelings, when she should learn that their separation was to be the consequence of it.

The news, however dreadful, was soon imparted to her ; and, about eighteen months after their nuptials, it was doomed that they should part for ever.

Now, my Lord, do I shudder at the remainder of this story——Ah ! let me shorten it—let me hasten over the tragical



gical death of my much-lamented father!—He was drowned, my Lord, in attempting to save the unfortunate parent of a large family, who had gone on board to pour down his last blessings on the noble Warwick's head, for having charitably provided for three of his children. The seas ran high between Portsmouth and Spithead—the old man, however, took boat, and got safely to the man of war in which the General waited some hours for sailing orders—they arrived at length—and, after many tears and prayers for his happiness, the grateful father took a final leave of his benefactor—The vessel which he stepped into was a mere cockle-shell, and in sight of the ship it had left, and the humane Warwick, it was overset by a monstrous wave—Ah!" cried the benovolent General, "throw out your boats, and let us save that worthy man, and the wretched creatures  
who

who are with him." He was directly obeyed; and upon some of the sailors looking terrified at venturing out of the ship in such a tempest, the General leaped into the boat, and, calling on a few to follow him, it was in an instant filled. They encountered the waves for some time with hopes of success—and indeed they in some measure succeeded—for they saved the good old man, though all the rest were irrevocably lost—Warwick then gave orders to make to the ship—the men did so—but the wind rose higher, and the seas seemed to kiss the heavens—at length the boat, unable to bear against the force of the contending elements, split into a thousand pieces——Every man could swim but my unhappy father, and his aged friend—One of the good-natured crew offered to assist the General, and promised to convey him to the first ship; but he begged him to preserve

preserve his own life, and that of the old man's, if it were possible; and after audibly recommending his wife and his unborn infant to the protection of Heaven, yielded himself a prey to that merciless and tremendous gulf, from whence there was no redemption for him.—I shall only add, that the unfortunate being who was the cause of his death was preserved by the assistance of the sailor—but he only lived to lament his unhappy destiny.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Captain of the man of war, a brave officer, and, a particular friend of my dear father, sent immediately an account of his fate to the Duke of Beauvarise—That nobleman was, when the express arrived, endeavouring to reconcile the dying Earl of Tenterdon to his wretched daughter—Tho' the

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hour

hour drew nigh when he would require mercy in his turn—his *firm* soul shrunk not at its approach—nor could he be persuaded to change his unnatural conduct towards her. He told the Duke, “ I am sensible I cannot recover—but were I sure my daughter was even penitent for her crime, I would not pardon her the uneasiness it as cost me—I never will recal the sentence I have pronounced against her—and shall leave her the *comfort* of reflecting on the choice she might have made, and that which her folly elected.—It is now too late to recover my lost opinion—nor shall I think that soul my friend who from henceforth names her in my presence.”

Beauvarise, finding all that he could say on the subject was totally lost on so implacable a heart, took his leave with a degree of resentment he could not conceal.



conceal.—He could not go to Lady Eliza's immediately—he knew not how to inform her of the shocking sentiments that had been uttered by the Earl—much he feared for the sufferings of her sensibility, when she should hear her father, unforgiving, died—he therefore threw himself into his carriage, and desired to be set down at home ; where, upon his arrival, the dreadful packet from Portsmouth was presented to him—He broke the seal with a perturbation which nothing but presentiment could account for—he read with an agitation and sorrow little short of phrenzy—“ Ah ! my adorable Eliza ! ” cried he, my fate at length prevails, and I am the innocent cause of all your sufferings—Your husband—ah ! my gentle, amiable friend !—your beloved Warwick, whom I tore from your happy arms, is now parted from them for ever—How shall I break this new, this hor-



rible misfortune to thee?—Great Heaven support her tender frame in the hour of trial!”——A gush of woe here came to his relief—and, after sending to tell Lady Eliza that he was going out of town for a few days, and could not see her before his departure, he got into his chaise, and travelled post down to Portsmouth.

As soon as he had alighted at one of the inns in that town, he found the house in great confusion, and was informed that a body had been thrown upon the strand, by the violence of the waves, about an hour before his arrival, and was carried to that house to be publicly seen and owned.—Good God! what were the feelings of this amiable man on this intelligence! Shocked to the soul, and hardly able to stand, he desired to be shewn to an apartment, which he had no sooner reached than he fell

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almost

almost senseless into a chair——After some moments spent in a state little short of total inanimation, he recollected himself enough to express a desire to behold the melancholy object in question——The good-natured landlord begged his Grace not to think of going till the agitation which his compassion (he supposed) had occasioned should in some measure subside; and immediately changed the subject, by informing him that two men of war, which were about to sail for the East-Indies, and whose sailing orders had actually arrived, were detained by the loss of their principal Officer, who had died in preserving the life of a poor man who had a numerous family, and their future subsistence depended on his living a few years longer. Beauvarise eagerly asked *Whether Capt. W—— was on shore?—* The man answered, *No——but that he had sent to order a supper at his house*

*and was expected every instant. The Duke dismissed his host, after desiring him to present his compliments to Capt. W—— as soon as he came in, and tell him he begged to have the honour of seeing him.*

When left to himself, his reflections were of the most disagreeable sort—he wept—he lamented the wretchedness of the lovely Eliza—he beheld her widowed form in all the eloquence of grief—he raised his heart to Heaven, and supplicated that she might be endued with fortitude to survive a disclosure of the horrid tale—But how did he shudder when he considered that he must be the relater of it!—“ Ah! my noble friend! my dear Warwick!” cried he, with emotion, “ is it possible I should suspect that you are in the house with me, and yet have no desire to behold thee! Can Death, with all its terrors, have  
worked

worked so great a change in my heart? Pardon me, thou dear shade of Warwick—I will hasten to take a last farewell of that charming, that noble form, which is all that is left me of my friend.” He arose as he finished these words, and was making to the door, when it opened to usher in Capt. W——: the Duke approached him, but an affectionate embrace was the only sign of joy he could testify at their meeting—“ Ah! my Lord,” cried Capt. W——, “ what a loss have we sustained?—There was no possibility of saving our excellent Warwick—the fury of the storm—no assistance could reach him—Unhappy Harry!—but far more unhappy your surviving friends!”——“ Ah!” replied Beauvarise, whose tears kept pace with those that fell from Cap. W——’s eyes——“ Ah! I have but one comfort left—Let us hasten to the apartment which holds the dismal corpse—



let us bury our Warwick like a soldier—let us pay the tribute of some sighs to his memory—and weep on the cold lifeless body of my friend.” They rushed out of the room together, and entered that where the melancholy object was deposited—Beauvarise drew near the bed on which it lay, and looked attentively on the face. The harsh treatment it had met with from the boisterous element had changed it much, but the beauty and manly countenance for which he had ever been distinguished were still easily visible—“ Ah ! W—, it is Warwick !—no other man could possess such a countenance—Observe the figure——Does Belvidere’s Apollo surpass it ?——He was the favourite work of Heaven——neither in his mind or person could a blemish be discovered—and this inanimate clay is all that now remains.” I am sure it is no other than my dear Harry,’ answered W—— ; ‘ yet his face



face is exceedingly changed !—Would we had some evidence beyond all doubt that his poor corpse is not now floating on distant waves !—Were his obsequies to be attended by men who loved him living, and revere him dead, it would be some comfort—and still more in his being interred at least decently'—

“ Hold !” exclaimed Beauvarise, perceiving through the bosom of the shirt a ribbon fastened about his neck, which he unloosed—“ What is this ?—A miniature of a woman ; and, on the back of it, hair worked into this motto, *Even Death shall not part us*—This must give some light.—Upon viewing the picture with attention they discovered the angelic features of Lady Eliza Warwick—and this gave them new subject for grief and lamentation.

After two days spent in getting his papers and things from on board the

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ship,

ship, General Warwick's body was conveyed to London by easy stages, and interred by torch-light with all the honours due to an Officer of his rank. As it was done with all the precaution possible, to hinder the fatal news from reaching Lady Eliza's knowledge, the Duke was in hopes that she would remain ignorant of it till he could hit on some expedient most proper for breaking it to her—but, alas! my unhappy mother was too soon informed of her wretchedness—The morning after the Duke left London she saw a particular account of the whole affair in the paper of the day—She had not gone quite through it, when Nature sickened at the sight—her eyes refused their office further—an universal tremor seized her limbs—and she fell senseless on the floor.—Jennet, who was in the next room, heard her fall, and ran to her assistance—she raised her from the ground

ground, and, after having placed her on a sofa, administered some volatiles.—She opened her eyes—“ Ah! Jennet—cruel Jennet!—why do you force me to live?”—“ What affects you thus, my dearest Lady? Honour your poor Jennet with your confidence.”—“ I will,” returned the miserable Eliza—“ reach me that paper”—she did so—and, rising from the reclining posture she was in, read with the utmost composure, and audibly, the whole melancholy detail before related—not a break—not a sigh escaped her—Jennet’s sorrow was loud and piercing—At such times she would stop until she was more composed, and then resume the horrible narrative—When it finished, the shocking paper dropped from her hand—her eyes were fixed—and, without uttering one complaint, she remained insensible as a statue.—Jennet, perceiving her situation, and knowing it to be  
far

far more dangerous than the most clamorous sorrow, threw herself at her feet, and endeavoured to excite her tears by the most moving expressions she could make use of—but all in vain—her tears had been all exhausted when her husband gave her his last embrace—and at that dreadful moment her heart foreboded the most miserable consequences from that fatal separation.

“Come, Jennet,” cried Lady Eliza, “do not give way to sorrow—Did you go to my sisters?” Did you deliver them my letters? ‘Yes, Madam—and they will not see me—no, my dear Lady, they inhumanly desired me, by one of their servants, to tell you they never will have any thing to say to you.’ Now, thought this faithful creature, she must weep—what I so ardently wish for will happen—she must be affected by their cruelty.—Jennet was  
mistaken



mistaken—Lady Eliza desired her to bring her hat and cloke——“ I will walk,” said she——“ it will do me good—You shall go with me.”——Her attendant suspected something was wrong in her head, and would fain have persuaded her to remain at home—but her Lady seemed determined, and Jennet was obliged to comply with her caprice.

Lady Eliza uttered not a word during the time she was walking, and Jennet was so buried in reflection that she perceived not her Lady had quitted her arm, until she heard her rap at a door——She looked up, and found it was Lord Tenterdon’s——In wild affright, she intreated Lady Eliza, in the most respectful and ardent manner, to return from the inhospitable house——“ What, am I to be controuled by you too, Jennet!” said the meek sufferer, in the softest accent——“ No—I will



will see my mother—I will behold, before I die, my once tender parents—they can but use me ill—and that of late I have been accustomed to.” The porter at that moment opened the door—he was a new servant, and did not know her—Upon her desiring to be shewn up to Lady Tenterdon, a footman, who was also unacquainted with her, obeyed, and conducted her to an anti-chamber, where the old Earl was seated in a great chair, supported by pillows, with all his family around him.—She rushed by the fellow, as he held the door in his hand, and was announcing her—“ My father! my dear father!” exclaimed the agitated Eliza, as she threw herself at his feet—  
‘ Wretch!’ said the barbarian, ‘ avaunt!’—Was this a scheme to shorten the few hours of my existence!—Disobedient creature, begone!—How durst thou thus intrude thyself into my presence! What! will you not loose your hold?  
Why

Why do not some of you release me from this graceless monster?’

Lord Westley and his two sisters flew to the beauteous mourner—‘Ungrateful girl! what presumption, to appear before a father and mother you have so highly injured!—go, and sigh out your imprudence in obscurity.’ As they spoke they endeavoured to raise her from Lord Tenterdon’s knees, which she continued to grasp.

“Ah! my father!” cried Lady Eliza, “do but bless your poor, your unhappy child—Did you but know the wretchedness of her fate, your humanity could not permit you to refuse her that comfort—While I have strength to cling to these dear knees, you never, cruel brother!—nor you, unkind sisters!—shall tear me from them.” ‘I say, begone!’ vociferated in a tremendous tone

tone the unnatural old man. Lord Westley with violence dragged her from him. As he attempted to put her out of the room, she caught Lady Tenderdon's hand——“ Oh ! my mother !—save your once-loved girl—your forsaken, undone Eliza !—Dearest brother let me but throw my arms around her neck—let me die upon her maternal bosom !—I will give you no more trouble—indeed I will go peaceably—if you will let me use my arms for one moment—if I do not expire at her feet—I shall walk out, without bidding—and save your tenderness this struggle.” Whether Nature operated in the breast of Westley, or whether he wished to see his mother spurn Eliza from her as his unworthy father had done, I will not determine ; but her ferocious brother freed her from his barbarous hands, and she fell on her knees to Lady Tenderdon——“ Ah ! Madam—life is at its lowest

lowest ebb—say, ere I am deprived of it, ‘*Eliza thou art pardoned*’—give me that only comfort, I can now possess, to reflect on, in the awful moment that approaches.” ‘I am stupified,’ said her mother; ‘I cannot speak—The girl is not so handsome as she used to be—it astonishes me to see such an alteration—however, I know what to impute it to—her husband has almost broke her heart by repeated ill usage, I suppose.’ “Oh! never! never!” cried she, with emotion, her hands clasped, and her eyes lifted up, as if invoking his blessed spirit to protect her. ‘Well, so much the better,’ answered her ridiculous mother—‘but something has certainly faded the roses of your cheek.’ “Your pardon, dear Lady—Oh! bestow your forgiveness—let me not supplicate in vain—For the sake of that Being who never refuses mercy to the most abandoned mortal

mortal when he implores it—pity, and restore me to your favour!” and she caught hold of Lady Tenterdon’s gown, who was about to leave her——‘ Psha! ——let me go——I forgive you, poor wretch!——but I insist on your never letting me see that horrid face again—Begone!’——“ Blessings await you, my dearest Madam!—Come, my Lord,” cried she, turning to the exulting Westley, “just help to raise my feeble limbs, and I will perform my promise.” He assisted her, and followed her to the bottom of the stairs; then ordered the surrounding attendants ‘to see that *that woman* departed the house immediately.’ What a scene!—Oh! blessed shade of my most admirable mother! vouchsafe to look down with pity, and hover over your poor unhappy child! ——Ah! my Lord, is misery hereditary?—Surely you will think so when you come to the end of my story!

Lady



Lady Eliza's figure and emaciated countenance inspired at once, in the breasts of those domestics the haughty Lord addressed himself to, both respect and compassion—Jennet received her fainting in her arms—and the humane servants, who were witnesses of the cruelty of her brother, disregarded his commands so far as to convey her into an apartment, and procure her every necessary relief—At length she recovered—a chair was brought, which carried her to her sad home—and she was lifted up stairs in a state of insensibility. When Jennet had for some time endeavoured to speak comfort to her affliction, and perceived no alteration in the fixed despair of her countenance, her sorrow broke through all restraint—‘ Ah ! my dear Lady, art thou gone indeed ? What will become of thy poor Jennet ? Wilt thou not live to bring thy hapless infant into the world ? Wilt thou

thou not live to protect its innocence? Wilt thou die, and leave me, a wretch who would wish to follow thee, even to the grave?—Ah! my sweet Lady, take—take me with thee, and let me inhabit with thee, the mansions of the blessed.’ Here her grief became unutterable—her sighs and groans could only be distinguished.

After some hours passed in this manner, Lady Eliza arose, and, calling to Jennet, (who had in her agony of distress thrown herself on the ground,) gave her her hand, and desired her to be attentive.

“Jennet,” said she, with composure, “the moment is at hand when I shall bid adieu to all my troubles—I have seen my Warwick—he has soothed my heart, and spoke such things to me as would transport you with gladness could

I com-

I communicate them—he hovers over me, and waits but for my coming to be happy—that he assured me would happen soon, and bid me hold myself in readiness—Angelic sounds!—then, my friend, a period will be put to my afflictions—Grieve not for me, but rejoice that I have slipped my neck from the cruel yoke of bondage—You can best tell how I have suffered, and should be most thankful for my release—I need not tell my Jenet to love my memory—and if my infant comes into the world with life, cherish, and teach it to list my Warwick's name—inspire it early with reverence for its unhappy parents—I have nothing to bequeath it but my jewels and watch—You will find ready money sufficient to pay what debts I owe, and to reserve some trifle for yourself—If my child dies with me, every-thing I own is justly yours; and let them sometimes revive a tender sentiment in your bosom,  
when

when they remind you of your wretched mistress."

Lady Eliza was taken very ill directly after this. When she had brought me into the world, she again spoke to Jennet—again entreated her care of me—and desired her to look in a particular part of her escrutore for the most material events of her life, which she had penned from time to time, and, when I was old enough to feel and understand them properly, to put them into my hands—"You, Jennet," continued she, "can finish the remainder of my story—and tell her with my dying breath I blessed her—Adieu! my dearest, most faithful friend. If the Duke of Beauvarise is still attached to my interest, tell him I implore him to protect my child and you—thank him for all his goodness to me—and assure him I die in peace." These were her  
last

last words. She expired soon after in an extacy of devotion, and went to join her Warwick in Heaven.

When the Duke of Beauvarise arrived in town, he flew to the house of woe.—Ignorant of my mother's having been informed of the tragical fate of her beloved Warwick, he was not at all prepared for the new scene of affliction he was about to endure. The maid that opened the door for him was the very image of Grief—her eyes were sunk in their sockets by weeping, her face was pale as death, and her whole frame seemed worn out with care and watching. As soon as she beheld the Duke, her affliction was renewed, and her tears flowed in abundance.

The figure that presented itself thus oppressed gave a shock to the tender soul of Beauvarise, and a presentiment  
of



of the most dreadful kind rushed into his imagination. "How is your Lady?" was the first question—Her sorrow redoubled—"Where is she?" cried the Duke?—"Ah! my Lord!" her sobs prevented her saying more—"Gracious God! exclaimed he, "what is all this? I must see her, I will administer comfort to her, if possible."

Without waiting to enquire farther, he went up stairs, and opened the drawing-room door—Oh Heaven! what a sight!—My mother was laid upon a sofa—her coffin at a little distance from this bed of death—and I was fast asleep in my cradle, which was at my mother's feet—Jennet was kneeling by her dead mistress, and bedewing one of her hands with her tears—Such were the objects which struck Beauvairise on entering this apartment.

Jennet

Jennet was so absorbed in sorrow, that she heard him not when he came in—nor would she have been sensible of it for a much longer time, had not the Duke exclaimed, in the agony of his heart, “ Ah ! my God ! Why am I not dead too ! ” This roused the faithful attendant; and, turning her head to see from whence the voice came, she beheld the Duke of Beauvarise transfixed with grief and horror. She arose, caught me up in her arms, and in a wild and pathetic manner presented me to him—‘ My Lord,’ cried she, ‘ that dear angel of light,’ pointing to the sofa, ‘ has left to your care this helpless infant—her last words bequeathed to your friendship the charge of this poor orphan—and I, conjure you, by your great humanity, never to desert her.’

The Duke received me into his arms—and after embracing me with much

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tenderness

tendernefs, he solemnly invoked Heaven to witnefs, he would protect me to the lateft hour of his life—He then refigned me to Jennet—approached the fopha—and kneeling by my mother, he fhed a fhower of tears over her lifelefs form—He gazed on her with admiration and compaffion—and after fpending an hour thus mournfully by her, he gave orders about her interment, and left the houfe in a ftate of horror not to be defcribed.

Jennet would not quit my mother till ſhe had performed towards her the very laft offices; and when thofe had been properly attended to, the Duke of Beauvarife took a houfe for us a little way out of town, whither I was conveyed for the benefit of the air.

I will pafs over my days of infancy, my Lord, in order to draw nearer thofe  
paſſages

passages of my life which can only appear interesting: I will therefore omit to dwell on the parental fondness the Duke seemed to entertain for me at those years—and the tender caresses with which he used to load me—they were, indeed, the happiest moments of my life.—Masters of every kind did this inestimable friend allow me, and he always inspected and encouraged my improvements—I was fond of music, and had a tolerable voice—his Grace spared no pains to render me a mistress of this accomplishment.—He would take great delight in hearing me sing; and often with tears and embraces, tell me I had all my mother's notes—He would spend whole days with us at R—, and was continually talking to me of my parents—He painted to me, in the liveliest colours, their many virtues, and would dwell upon them with enthusiasm—He tied about my neck the

miniature of my mother, and described the dreadful scene he was engaged in when he found it——In short, he inspired me with the earliest affection for them, and would always listen with pleasure to my childish questions concerning them.——

One day, in particular, the Duke was taken up in expatiating on my mother's good sense—he then spoke of her religion, her sweetness of temper, her repentance for the only fault she ever committed in her life, and the duty and affection she bore her father and mother——when I arose, and, looking up in his face, with streaming eyes, exclaimed, “And where my dear gardian, are these parents of my mother?——where are her sisters? her brother?—Have I no friends in the whole world but you and Jennet?”



This question, spoken in the innocence and fearfulness of my heart, affected him beyond measure——‘ My dear Eliza!’ cried he, hiding my tears in his bosom, ‘ you think too deeply—Heaven is your friend, my child—the Almighty never forsakes the virtuous and innocent.’ He wiped my eyes, and bidding me be good, and to fear nothing, he left me absorbed in thought. I flew to Jennet, who was my other refuge, and desired her to come and pray with me, for if God was not my friend, I should have none to depend on for protection when she and my guardian left me. I threw myself on my knees with emotion, and with Jennet I offered up some pious ejaculations for my preservation.

The Duke entered my closet at this moment ; and respecting my employment, he left us to ourselves. I soon

F 3

after

after fought him in the garden; he returned with me to the house, and, leading me to the harpsichord, all my cares were forgotten in an instant. When he found my chearfulness return, he asked me *if I should have any objection to accompanying him to his seat in Yorkshire?* — ‘I will introduce you,’ continued he, ‘to an agreeable and worthy woman, who will on your account, I dare say, consent to spend some time with us at Fairy-Hill, if you do not dislike the proposal.’ I assured him it would be highly agreeable to me to attend him any where. Our journey was determined on, and the day fixed for our departure.

I was then just turned of thirteen, and I will confess I have hardly seen a girl of that age so beautiful. It is generally an awkward time of life; but I was tall—genteel—and my proficiency in dancing,

dancing, and walking well, had given my whole form an air of dignity. At that time I was insensible to the charms of my person, having never heard it praised; and it is only the remembrance of what I then was that leads me to make the above assertion. Indeed, my youth and extreme simplicity prevented my ever setting any great value on beauty even when I saw it in another.

I thought of the journey I was to make with pleasure, and wished the hours to fly faster, until the moment arrived which was destined for our setting out. The Duke saw with delight the happiness he had given me, and I certainly fancied that in the variety of the scene I should find infinite amusement. The much-desired morning at length appeared; and my guardian,

F 4

Jennet,

Jennet, and I, travelled together in the Duke's coach.

As we passed the different seats, Beauvarise would amuse me with a description of the owners, and tell me the names of the several counties we went through. As I was not accustomed to take long journies, I grew extremely fatigued when we approached Baldock, and was really feverish; the Duke perceived it, and, though the day was not near worn, he stopped at an inn in that town, and spent the evening and the night there. The next morning I was better, and we again proceeded on our journey. He redoubled his assiduity to beguile the time, and I laughed often at his fallies of wit in his characters of the various men whose possessions had excited my admiration.

I perceived

I perceived at a distance a shady and beautiful park; the house seemed to stand in the middle of it, and it looked like a stately old ruin. Beauvarise endeavoured to draw off my attention from it, and, when he thought he had succeeded, drew up the blind on that side, and pretended the sun was offensive. ignorant of his real meaning, I exclaimed, "Just let me have one view, my dear Lord, of that charming seat; its woods are delightful! Whose is it?" At that moment I cast my eyes on Jennet; she was bathed in tears, yet trying to suppress them. "My dear Jennet!" said I, throwing my arms about her, "what ails thee?—thou art not well, sure!" "Yes, Miss Eliza," answered she, "I am; but fatigue makes me low-spirited: take no notice of me, I shall be better presently." I turned towards the Duke, and perceived he was agitated—"Ah! my  
F 5                      Lord,"



Lord," cried I, seizing one of his hands, "what is all this?—Pray tell me—I cannot bear to see you affected without wishing to know the cause." 'My Eliza!' replied he, embracing me, 'you shall know all—the estate we are now passing is Lord Norfolk's—there it was your charming mother'—“Ah! no more, my Lord—I understand you—My dear unhappy parents, what did you not endure!—At this place your love commenced—and it was followed by wretchedness unspeakable!—How my heart bleeds at the remembrance of your sufferings!—Ah! my Lord, no wonder your sensibility and Jennet's should appear.”

Overcome with the emotions of my soul, I sunk on my knees, and was absorbed in an agony of grief—The force of Nature, and the delicacy of my feelings

feelings, operated strongly on a very weak frame ; and when Beauvarise raised me to the seat, he perceived that I scarcely lived—Paleness overspread my countenance, and I ceased to breathe for some minutes—Alarmed at my situation, he ordered the servants to stop, and endeavoured by the use of volatiles to restore me, but without success——He snatched me up in his arms, and carried me towards the fatal mansion that had caused this accident—and laid me on a bench in the park, while a servant ran to procure water, &c. from the house.

Lord and Lady Norfolk, hearing that some persons of distinction were taken ill so near them, came out, with many of their domestics, to offer any assistance that was requisite. Jennet (on whose bosom my head rested) screamed at the approach of those well-

known forms; and at that moment I opened my eyes.

The Duke, who had been sitting by me, and chafing my temples, arose on seeing them draw near, and, taking Lady Norfolk's hand, led her close to the bench on which I was placed——“Suffer me, my good Lady Norfolk,” said he, “to beg that you will contemplate *this* face—Does it not remind you of an amiable and long lost sister?—Embrace her—it is the daughter of Lady Eliza Warwick.” The cruel woman started at the sound: ‘This is a trick, my Lord—I understand it——but that undutiful creature you speak of has long been thought of with detestation by her family.—If that is a child of her's, I pity the unfortunate creature; for none that belongs to me will ever succour or take any notice of her; so she may recover this pretended

tended swoon as soon as she pleases—and the sooner she leaves this place the better.’

“ Inhuman woman !” exclaimed the Duke, as she turned off from us——  
“ And you, my Lord Norfolk, what do you say to this ?”——‘ That she will ever be dear to me,’ replied he, ‘ in spite of the unrelenting cruelty of her relations—Would I could offer her an asylum in my house !—but, alas ! I am not master of myself or mine.’

“ *Your house !* my Lord,” cried Beauvarise——“ Not for the universe should my amiable young friend be a dependant on the smiles of such a woman as your wife—*My house*, indeed, will be ever hers—and my fortune shall only be valued by me as it enables me to support and shield her from the miseries which attend on poverty—How  
are

are you, my Eliza? Speak to me." I aroſe, and endeavoured to make my acknowledgments to Lord Norfolk for his civility, but my limbs failed me; and had not my kind protector ſuſtained me in his arms, I had returned to that ſtate of inſenſibility, from which, if I had never awakened, I had been happy. Lord Norfolk would not permit me to leave his park until my ſtrength in ſome meaſure returned; and, after a little time ſpent in procuring me reſhments, he ſuffered us with reluctance to depart.

I will be leſs prolix, my Lord, in relating the remaining part of my journey; this accident I would not omit, as it was the firſt time I was taught to experience the curſe of ſenſibility.

After making ſhort ſtages, on my account, in three days we arrived at  
Fairy-



Fairy-Hill. It was a most delightful spot—Nature lavished on it the choicest gifts, and the Duke's taste had bestowed on it all the improvements of Art.

When we alighted, we were received by a lady of a most benevolent and pleasing countenance, accompanied with an air of dignity which commanded respect, “My worthy Mrs. Heber,” said the Duke, approaching her, “how agreeable is this! how great a favour!—Allow me to present to your maternal bosom this fair and drooping flower—Cherish it my dear Madam, as the rarest of blossoms—and teach her to forget that she is motherless.” That expression softened me at once, and my unhappy state darted full into my mind—I threw myself at her feet, and with a beating heart besought her to love the poor orphan that was then a suppliant  
fort

for her tenderness. She raised me with streaming eyes, and, after kissing me with much affection, intreated me to be chearful, and led me into my apartment where she would have me repose myself until supper was served.

The next morning Mrs. Heber entered my room, and after inquiring anxiously about my health, she proposed walking before breakfast. I readily acquiesced, and I attended my new friend into the groves and woods: they were the most romantic and beautiful that can be imagined. When the hour for breakfast was near, we returned to the house; and the remaining part of the day we spent in the library, in the picture gallery, in the music-room, and in the garden.

Almost two years I passed at Fairy-Hill, in a serene pleasant manner, and thought myself very happy. My beloved

loved guardian provided me with excellent masters, not inferior to those I had from London, when we lived at R——; and the time I could spare from the different avocations that followed their attendance I devoted to my needle, which was employed on all sorts of work.

Mrs. Heber's society I always thought as valuable of as it deserved; that delicate sensibility, which is the most beautiful ornament the soul can wear, she possessed in an admirable degree—Her way of thinking was refined, and her temper mild as the breath of summer—I loved her much, and have shed many a tear to the memory of my dear Mrs. Heber.

The Duke would often invite his neighbours to Fairy-Hill, amongst whom were several very fashionable and  
very

very agreeable people of distinction. When he visited them, Mrs. Heber and I generally accompanied him. I need not be more particular, since in that time nothing of an interesting nature happened worth engaging your Lordship's attention. I will hasten to those circumstances which form my narrative.

One afternoon, before we had risen from table, a letter was brought the Duke; he read it, and with a joyful smile told us we should soon see a young man whom he esteemed much—"You know him, Mrs. Heber," said he, turning to her—"This paper informs me that Sir Charles Beaufort is arrived from France, and that he will visit Fairy-Hill to-morrow, and is now on his way here—He will bring with him some friends, he says—I am impatient to see him, after so long an absence." We  
congratulated

congratulated him on an intelligence that gave him such pleasure, and soon after left him, to finish a piece of work that had engaged Mrs. Heber's and my attention for several days.

My amusements the next morning seemed inexhaustible—My books, my harpsichord, and Mrs. Heber's conversation, were by turns pursued, and quitted with reluctance. The Duke reminded me of visiting my toilet I thought uncommonly early: however, I obeyed him; and when Mrs. Heber was dressed, I attended her into the saloon. Soon after a good many gentlemen made their appearance—If you will not think me too tedious, I will describe their different characters.

Lord Stamford was that sort of figure which one admires more for its air and smartness than any real beauty—He  
was



was rather under the middle size, had large sprightly black eyes, white teeth, and an address that was infinitely pleasing—He had more wit than sense, and less wit than good-nature—He would have been an amiable man, had not his becoming master of himself too early, with a fine fortune, and his having formed friendships with some of the most abandoned of his own sex, led him into vices, which became too difficult, and too habitual, in time, ever to be rooted from his bosom.

Colonel Middleton was taller and thinner than Lord Stamford; his address was easy and polite; he was ever remarkable for his attention to the ladies; his eyes expressed much softness; his mouth and teeth were pleasingly formed; and his air *en militaire* was often found irresistible. He was a dangerous man for two reasons—the first, because  
his

his countenance prejudiced in his favour; and the second, a more immoral creature in *his heart* never existed.

Mr. Lawfon was shocking—his face was a true picture of that which Bacchus was supposed to have; disgustingly red, and horridly pimped—his figure was large, and terrifyingly masculine—he was thought to possess wit, and it was therefore deemed necessary, by all his set, to laugh heartily at every sentence he pronounced—luckily he spoke little, else their complaisance perhaps would not have held out quite so long—he was something above *merely* civil in his address—he endeavoured to appear gallant, but Nature had so cruelly treated him, both in person and mind, that he could never succeed with any woman of delicacy.

Colonel

Colonel Temple was not handsome, but there was something in his figure and air was almost charming—he was rather fallow, his teeth were very white, and his voice (particularly when he spoke to, or of, our sex) was softness itself—he sung with taste, and loved music—was sensible, agreeable, and quite the man of fashion—his love of gaming, and indeed of most other vices, made him a valuable member of this *chosen* society.

Sir Charles Beaufort was, without exception, the handsomest man I ever saw—his form, address, conversation, were all seducing—his eyes were dark, and full of sensibility; his nose was aqueline; and his mouth and teeth were very beautiful—he possessed an air of *nonchalance* in general that many women thought provoking, but which indeed gave him a thousand charms—he had  
a fine

a fine voice, was as fond of music as Colonel Temple, and was perfectly accomplished—he spoke with infinite ease, and very sensibly, on all subjects—he had a happy command of expression, that never failed him; and if any thing could exceed his facility of speech, it could only be the extreme share of art which he possessed in a superior degree to any man. His father and mother died early. The Duke of Beauvarise, who loved his sister with extreme tenderness, undertook, at her dying request, to inspect the education of her son; and certain it is, in every branch of polite literature no one could surpass Sir Charles Beaufort. The Duke sincerely regarded him, and treated him as his adopted child—He was in reality such, as he proposed to make him sole heir to all his possessions. Sir Charles, with very amiable, and, indeed, noble qualities, was sent to Oxford; he there contracted

contracted an intimacy with Lord Stamford, and with many men like him, of the most libertine principles—After he left the University, he gave into the most riotous scenes; and, with the seed of every virtue in his breast, he was lost to virtue itself.

Beauvarise tried, more like a friend than a parent, to dissuade him from the mode of live he was pursuing—he painted to him the horrid consequences of such proceedings; fame, sense, and principles, was he about to resign to the noisy and worthless pleasures (if such can be called pleasures) of libertinism—he said it was a proper time for him to make the *grand tour*, and proposed that he should leave England for that purpose immediately. Beaufort made no objection, and in a few weeks took leave of the Duke, and set out for Dover; from whence he directly embarked



barked, accompanied by a very worthy man, whom the Duke had made choice of to be the companion of his travels.

No man could be more solicitous to reap advantages during this tour than Sir Charles—every account Beauvarise received from Mr. H—— delighted him; and he made no doubt but his nephew would turn out according to his wishes. After an absence of four years, Beaufort came back; his old friends, apprized of his arrival, flew to meet him; and at his request went with him to Fairy-Hill. Such, my Lord, was Sir Charles Beaufort—the man in the world most dangerous——most alluring.

The Baronet and his companions staid three days with us, and then went to Beaufort's seat, which was but a few miles from the Duke's. Sir Charles

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became

became a constant visitor at Fairy-Hill; he lost his passion for hunting in a few weeks after his residence in Yorkshire, nor did he long pursue any of those sports which the season and country offered to the gentlemen. Beauvarise, who loved them, was generally engaged with Lord Stamford, and many others, in such amusements. During those hours of pleasure to them, Beaufort begged leave to stay at home with Mrs. Heber and me; which was a request so often repeated, that it at length was thought unnecessary; and, indeed, we were so habituated to his company, that his leaving us, to attend the gentlemen, would really have been disagreeable both to Mrs. Heber and myself. Sir Charles walked with us, or read to us while we worked—sometimes he would sing and play, or accompany me when I sung. Thus did he accommodate himself to our inclinations——  
and

and I certainly considered him the most pleasing, as well as the most amiable of men. His behaviour to me had a sort of something in it which I want words to express—it was not an air of gallantry he assumed—it was not a distant respect—if I was to call it a suppressed tenderness, and you would allow of the phrase, I think you could in some measure form an idea of it. He was often melancholy, and frequently sighed as if his heart was breaking—He used to fix his eyes upon me, and not take them off until he found he threw me into confusion—a confusion which I knew not how to account for, and which at that time I never felt at the intent gaze of any other man.

Colonel Temple was very assiduous about me; his love of music gave him numerous opportunities of being near me when I was engaged on any instru-

G 2

ment;

ment ; at such times he would pay me a thousand compliments, and once indeed went so far as to tell me, he never loved any of my sex so sincerely as he did me—reproached me for my indifference—and assured me, that, young as I was, could I but give him some room to hope I might in time return his tenderness, he never would attach himself to any other woman.

I was not so much a child as not to comprehend his meaning—I blushed, but it was with indignation—He mistook the cause, and tried to seize my hand ; but I arose with dignity from the harpsichord, and, with an offended air, desired him for the future to entertain me with subjects better suited to my years, and more agreeable to my inclinations—that, if he presumed to mention again to me so hateful a topic, I would certainly inform the Duke of Beauvarise

Beauvarise of it. As I turned from him, I was surprized to find Sir Charles Beaufort had been behind my chair while I addressed myself to Col. Temple, and, as I discovered afterwards, had attended to the whole of our conversation; he caught hold of my hand, and, with an air of exultation, whispered,—"Charming Miss Warwick!" I broke from him, being much agitated, and retired to my own apartment.

I should have told your Lordship that the Duke of Beauvarise began once more to be uneasy at the chain of acquaintance Sir Charles still continued linked to; and though his steps were not absolutely those of a rake, yet it was to be feared that he might ere long descend into that shocking track, as he had constantly at his side either a Stamford, a Middleton, or a Lawson, to



urge him to the commission of every flagrant error : the Duke therefore got him appointed Ambassador to the court of — in little more than four months after his arrival in Yorkshire ; and Sir Charles was within a short time of his departure, when he listened to the answer I made Colonel Temple, and expressed his admiration, as I above related.

When I entered my chamber, I seated myself at one of the windows which looked into the garden, and threw open the sash, in order to enjoy the serenity of the night, and at the same time to indulge my tears, which flowed fast, for what reason I could not tell. I had not continued thus many minutes, when I heard the sound of voices just below me, and soon found they issued from the lips of Sir Charles Beaufort and Col. Temple.

“ By

“By Heaven,” cried the latter, with impetuosity, “I love her.” ‘True,’ said Beaufort; ‘but, dear Temple, tho’ I can feel for you, I cannot exculpate you from a want of friendship to me—I declared to you my sentiments of her from the first moment I beheld her—You acted not so ingenuously by me—you endeavoured, by an underhand method, to seduce her from me.’ “Faith, I was wrong,” replied Temple; but at that instant I forgot my friend, and could not command myself—She is all loveliness!—I am devilishly unhappy—But she likes neither of us.” ‘Therefore,’ answered Beaufort, ‘let us *both* try for her. If you are so happy as to gain her, you will be as dear to me as ever: if, on the contrary, I should chance to be the more fortunate man, let not that divide our regard and intimacy.’ “Here is my hand,” replied Temple; “you are a

G 4

generous

generous fellow." ' Ah! but, dear Temple,' cried Sir Charles, ' what an advantage do I give you over me!—Here am I about to be banished from her—Her young heart will be assailed by so dangerous an object as you are—She will receive the daily admiration of thousands—Never, oh! never, will one thought of Beaufort pass her imagination——I am almost distracted!' " Hold! Sir Charles," returned Temple; " you shall not out-do me in generosity—If she can be so far won by your insinuating manner as to feel a tenderness for you, and you can get a promise of love from her before you go, I swear to you, by the word of a man of honour, during your absence I never will mention a syllable of my own passion to her: nay, on the contrary, I will forward yours with all my eloquence."

I heard

I heard no more; Mrs. Heber entered my room, and I quitted the window.

Would you believe, my Lord, that my extreme simplicity never suffered me to think that I was the subject of their conversation? The declaration that Col. Temple had made me of his love only appeared one of those unmeaning rhapsodies I had read of—and though I knew they were not to be encouraged, but to be severely rebuked, yet I certainly did not think that men were so dangerous as I had heard them represented. I wondered who this fair one was; and, had I understood my heart's emotions, I should have known that curiosity did not so much inspire *that wonder* as jealousy. It is a truth that Sir Charles Beaufort engrossed much of my affection.

G 5

I returned

I returned to the company with Mrs. Heber. Soon after, Sir Charles and his friend entered. Col. Temple approached me—uttered something like an apology for what had incurred so much of my displeasure, but assured me *he would endeavour to bear the weight of my cruelty without one complaint*—He sighed—I affected not to hear him—It is certain my eyes eagerly sought after Sir Charles, who was at that minute in deep discourse with a very pretty young woman, the daughter of a worthy clergyman of Yorkshire, whom the Duke patronized, and who, with many other ladies, had come to see us——“Am I hateful to your sight, charming Eliza!” continued Col. Temple, “that you thus avoid even to look at me? But indeed therein you are merciful; for those eyes have but too fatally wounded me already.” At that instant Sir Charles had been presented with a flower, which  
the



the fair creature whom he was talking to had taken from her bosom—Without knowing what I did, I arose—My first intention was to have approached them—but reason came to my aid : and this simple question, which I asked myself, brought me back to my seat—  
*‘ And what is it to thee, Eliza, whether she is the favoured lady or not ? ’*—I again resumed my chair—Colonel Temple went on—“ Well, then, lovely Miss Warwick ! since I am thus disagreeable—since I do not merit a word—a look—I will retire—I will endeavour to leave this fatal house—Would I had never entered it ! ” I then saw Sir Charles carry the flower to his lips ; and, in my agitation, I exclaimed,—  
*‘ My God ! ’* Col. Temple thought he teized me, and supposed *that* the cause of my restlessness ; he therefore, with a sigh, and a low bow, retired to the further end of the room. Sir Charles,

who had often turned about, to observe my treatment of his rival, was soon made sensible of his fortune; and, in a few moments after, my heart bounded with pleasure, when I saw him quit the pretty Miss Herbert, and advance towards me.

As he drew near, I perceived the traces of melancholy on his features—he stood some time before me, his arms crossed and his eyes fixed on my face, without uttering one syllable—at length he drew the chair Temple had left nearer to mine, and seated himself—“Charming Eliza!” cried he, in a tremulous accent, “I have but one fortnight longer allowed me to remain in England—the time is drawing near when perhaps I shall bid you a last adieu—Receive my thanks, my sweet young friend, for the many moments of pleasure you have afforded me—for the hours of happiness

ness you have indulged me in—To the sense of your conversation—to the divine harmony of your soul—am I indebted for the blissful scenes I have experienced at Fairy-Hill—the happiest, indeed, of my life.” He paused—I could not answer him—He affected not to perceive my emotions, and continued to speak——“ I have one favour, lovely Miss Warwick ! to ask of you—a favour that, perhaps, your amiable heart will grant, when I assure you it will in some measure soften the rigour of my absence from those I love.”

I told him I should be ready to do every thing in my power to contribute to his ease, and earnestly begged to know how I could oblige him. He took my hand—tears flowed from his eyes—and he exclaimed, “ Ah ! happy Temple ! ” He arose abruptly, and left the room. I was astonished—I was  
unhappy.

unhappy.—*My God!* thought I, *this woman, whoever she is has almost distracted him* INDEED! I was ready to cry, with Ophelia,

“ Ah! what a noble mind is here o’erthrown.”

And, really, so abforded was I in pity for him, that I seemed, in the midst of a crowded room, to be totally alone, and buried in reflection. Lord Stamford, with an air of liveliness peculiar to himself, came up to me, took my hand, and led me to the top of the room—“ Here, Temple,” exclaimed he, “ take up your violin, and give us a minuet—Miss Warwick and I will shew you what dancing is.”

A murmur of applause ran through the company; it was thought to be a good proposal; and the obliging Col. Temple condescended to do as he was desired. I could not in politeness refuse

fuse to dance, but I was much mortified at it; a reverie in which I had been engaged was broken in a cruel manner, and the object of it was so infinitely dearer to me than any other in the saloon, that I thought my amusement was rather prevented than forwarded by this gay folly of Lord Stamford's. We began—The men seemed delighted—Col. Middleton whispered loud enough (as he intended) to be heard by all, that he never before beheld so graceful a form—I was compared to Euphrosyne—to Thalia—nay, to Venus herself—Dian's modesty was not forgotten—nor Hebe's flush of youth—In short, had I believed half that was said of me, I should have supposed myself an—  
“earth-treading star.”

When my minuet was ended, I received the compliments of all the company  
The Duke approached me, kissed my  
hand,



hand, and thanked me for the pleasure I had given him——This speech was the only one I regarded, or that could have given me the least satisfaction. Col. Temple proposed that he should give his instrument to the Duke's valet, who played well, and that dancing might become general. The thought was relished by all, and every one prepared for his favourite diversion. At that instant Beaufort appeared—Col. Temple and he spoke a few words apart—The matter seemed determined—and Col. Temple came up, and asked me to dance—I hesitated—but civility was ever to be considered, and, without making any objection, I gave him my hand.

Lord Stamford, who had in compliment to an old lady (never supposing she would attempt to engage in an entertainment so little calculated for one

of her appearance) begged the *honour* of dancing with her, and who was fairly taken in, called out, *that there should be a change of partners every two dances*—This occasioned a good deal of mirth, and though I believe I laughed more than any one, it was not so much at the expence of his *venerable friend*, as at the idea of quitting Col. Temple for one whom I liked better.

My eyes followed Sir Charles—I wished to see the object of his election—indeed I supposed it would have been Miss Herbert, and I was not mistaken—He threw himself upon a sofa while every one was making his choice—He held the flower Miss Herbert had given him in his hand, and seemed to enjoy its fragrance—She passed him at the minute—“Sir Charles,”—said she, “do you not dance?” “No, Madam—I am too lazy.” “Fye! fye!”

fye!" answered she, "what a reason!" He took her hand, 'Will you be my partner, pretty Fanny, if I can prevail on myself?' "Yes," she replied, with a blush, "I am not engaged yet."—"Well, then, if you can bear with an inattentive absent fellow, I am at your service." He led her to the set, and I heard no more.

Colonel Temple was all gallantry—he avoided any particular declaration of his passion, but kept in that line of delicate flattery which our sex admires—he grew lively as I listened, and when he did not make love I always thought him agreeable. He told me an anecdote which had much wit in it, and I was in the height of enjoying it, just as Sir Charles, who was dancing down, offered to turn me in the figure. He looked at me stedfastly, and again exclaimed, "Ah! happy Temple!" This brought me to myself—his stories were afterwards

afterwards insipid—and I looked forward with impatience to the conclusion of the second dance. At length the desired moment came—the whole room were changing their partners, when I saw Lord Stamford advancing towards me—Without seeming to have observed him, I made up to the door, and disappeared in an instant.

Soon after, I was returning to the saloon, when in the apartment leading to it I perceived Beaufort reclining on a sofa—I approached him—“You are not well, Sir,” cried I, “I fear.” He arose, and threw himself on his knees before me—‘Lovely Eliza!’—said he, ‘you now see at your feet a wretched object—an object who at the instant he inspires you with pity, is the last person in the world who merits it from you—I leave you to-morrow, charming Miss Warwick! I leave  
you

you in despair—I hardly know what I would say—but, ah ! my amiable—my adorable young friend,’ continued he, bathing my hands with his tears, ‘compassionate and forgive me!’ “Dear Sir Charles ! I do not understand you. You are unhappy—make me the friend of your sorrows—I am young, ’tis true ; but I have a sympathizing and sensible heart—*You leave us to-morrow, did you say ?*—Ah ! no—you did intend to remain another fortnight—Why this sudden resolution ?” ‘Business of the most serious nature calls me hence—but I have one favour to ask of you before I go’—“Name it,” cried I impatiently—‘It is this—I shall take leave of the Duke before he goes to bed, and will set off for London early in the morning—Now, my Eliza, do I draw near to my request—This is Friday—Next Thursday night, at twelve o’clock precisely, will I secretly revisit  
Fairy-



Fairy-Hill—to the summer-house, that is embosomed in the orange-grove, will I repair—May I hope that you will meet me there?’ I started at the proposal—I hesitated—‘Ah!’ continued he, in the most pathetic manner, ‘’tis as I feared—and you will not give me the satisfaction of imparting to you the secret of my soul—a secret that the suppression of has caused me a thousand pangs—a thousand hours of torture—But go, cruel Eliza!—those pangs, those tortures, cannot affect you.’——“Ah!” cried I, sobbing, “you are mistaken—But why this mystery?—May I not let Mrs. Heber know that you wish to see me next Thursday?—Where can be the harm of that?”——‘Therefore, if no harm is apprehended, why not meet me without letting Mrs. Heber know any thing of the matter?’ “Well, then, my dear Jennet will go with me.” ‘No, Miss Warwick,’

Warwick,' cried Sir Charles, with a disconsolate air, 'do not think of obliging me—I will not put you to so much inconvenience—You are afraid of me—you imagine I am not worthy to be trusted—Adieu! lovely Eliza!—Pardon me for giving you this trouble.'

He was about to leave me, when I caught hold of his arm—"Stay, Sir Charles—I have never been accustomed to conceal any thing from my faithful Jennet—I am very young—I do not know whether I should act properly in granting your request—yet, at the same time, I am sure you would not ask of me *that*, which you know would make me appear imprudent, should it be discovered. I have an implicit confidence in you—I consider you in the light of a brother—Tell me, then, sincerely, were I your sister, would you have me grant this request

to

to any other man?" Beaufort was struck with what I said, but more so with my manner; he, however, soon recovered himself—"Amiable simplicity!" exclaimed he, "Charming innocence!" —No, my Eliza! were I your brother, I would not object to your meeting a man, whom I knew to be one of strict honour, any where, or at any hour—"If you have any doubt of mine, you are in the right to refuse me what I ask." "Ah! Sir," said I, "I am willing to believe your reasoning, and I will meet you on Thursday night." He was transported—he kissed my hands,—he broke out in expressions of the most rapturous sort—I stood amazed—He observed it, and by degrees resumed that air of dejection which had always so highly interested me.

Beaufort led me into the dancing-room, where he became my partner for  
the

the night, a privilege he insisted upon usurping, as it was the last of his stay at Fairy-Hill. The Duke desired him to dance a minuet with me—He took me out—Ah! what ease! what elegance! He was, indeed, every thing that could charm the heart of woman. Our little ball was continued after supper, and it only broke up at six in the morning. We then offered to retire. Sir Charles advanced to Mrs. Heber and the rest of the ladies, and begged leave to be permitted to salute them, as he intended to set off for London in a few minutes. Good God! how I trembled!—He approached me—Colonel Temple stood near us—Beaufort's agitation was perceptible—I felt motionless, and colder than a statue—He whispered, 'My Eliza!—my ever-charming mistress and friend!—love me!—and, oh! forget me not next Thursday.' He could say no more.

The

The tenderness of his manner was observable, and several that were standing by remarked, that "*Sir Charles was in love.*" Temple remained silent, and attentive, till our farewell had ended—then said, in a low voice, to his friend, "Now may I retort, '*Ah! happy Beaufort!*'" I turned my head hastily, and saw a smile on Sir Charles's countenance—I was shocked—and it then for the first time entered my head, that men can appear more affected than they really are. I compared the difference of our sensations—Ah! how impossible was it for a gleam of pleasure to have entered at my heart! the avenues to it were choaked with sorrow, and overwhelmed with melancholy.

"He is gone," cried I to Jennet, as I opened the door of my apartment; "he is gone, perhaps, for ever." I threw myself into her arms, and gave

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way



way to a violent burst of affliction.—  
‘ Whom do you mean, Miss Eliza ?’  
The question confused me—I told her,  
“ My friend—Sir Charles Beaufort.”  
‘ Ah !’ said she, ‘ think no more of him  
—he is not worthy of so much distress—  
Dry your tears, my dear young Lady,  
and repose yourself after all the fatigue  
you have endured.’ Jennet for the first  
time in her life offended me—“ Go,  
Jennet,” cried I, “ I will undress my-  
self——You have sat up all night, and  
must be weary—Go,—go—I will not  
be attended further.” She would not  
be dismissed——she put me to bed and  
left me.

When she was gone, I heard voices  
in the garden—I arose, looked through  
a crevice of my window-shutter, and  
saw Sir Charles and Col. Temple walk-  
ing in the garden—the latter seemed to  
be dreadfully agitated, and by his ges-  
tures

tures was endeavouring to reason the other out of a contrary opinion to his own. Sir Charles appeared calm, lively and determined. The conversation concluded with a warm embrace; and I saw no more of them.

I then began to reflect on all that Beaufort had said to me—I imagined that he loved me, and was engaged to another—I then thought that impossible, else the Duke would talk of his intended alliance——At last, I supposed I was too young to have inspired him with such a passion as Col. Temple pretended to express for me; and that he only wished to see me, in order to point out to me some method by which I could be serviceable to him—At the same time I bewailed his absence—often did I deplore it. I slept little all that morning—I wept much. Jennet came into my room about noon, and I left

H 2

my

my bed. She was evidently startled at my appearance, questioned me about my rest, and seemed to doubt the truth when I assured her nothing ailed me.

I went down to the breakfast-table, which waited for me—The Duke was shocked at the sight of my swollen eyes and pale face—He tenderly asked me the cause—I blushed—I evaded his question—He saw he gave me pain, and was silent. He often viewed me with attention during the time of breakfast; and, after it was over, he told me in a whisper, he wanted to speak with me in his closet. He withdrew. I promised to follow. Never did I attend him with so much reluctance—My heart sickened at the idea of being questioned by him about a sorrow that I knew not how to account for—However, with trembling steps I gained his apartment  
“ He

——He opened the door to me; and leading me in, he stopped short——

“ My dear child !” cried he, “ what am I to think of this altered countenance ? Could one night’s raking have caused such devastation ! Where are the roses ? where the glow of health, and vivacity of spirits, that were so perceptible in every feature yesterday ?——Is it now, my dear Eliza ! that you treat me with reserve ?——How have I merited it from you ?” I burst into tears——He took me in his arms——

“ Ah ! my sweet girl ! what is it that thus affects you ? Do you weep for the absence of your friend Sir Charles ? or is this the consequence of your last night’s fatigue ?”

‘ Both, both, my Lord,’ cried I.—

“ Thanks, my Eliza ; for this confidence,

dence. Cherish your affection for Beaufort—I hope he will deserve it of you. How amiable is this sensibility!—I adore it!” He encouraged me—“ Sir Charles loves my ward with as generous a friendship as she regards him?—Has he not told you so, Eliza? ‘ Yes, my Lord, he has often assured me, that he should never forget me.’ “ And was that all?” “ I don’t know—he has thanked me for amusing him—but, alas! it was never in my power—he has talked almost as kindly to me as ever your Grace did—and my gratitude makes me lament his absence.’ Beauvarise seemed pleased with what he heard—and we joined the company.

Mrs. Heber said, in the course of the day, she thought Sir Charles had hurried from us sooner than was necessary. “ Not a jot,” answered the Duke; “ he staid



staid until the very last moment—he has affairs of infinite consequence to settle, before he leaves London, which called upon him more suddenly than he expected, and which I should have thought ill of him, had he neglected.”

Beauvarise glad of an opportunity to separate Beaufort's companions from him, invited them all to make a few weeks stay at Fairy-Hill after Sir Charles's departure from thence, which they readily assented to.

I will forbear to describe the emotions of my heart, when I thought of meeting Beaufort—and the fear and shame which overwhelmed me at the reflection of the step I was going to take without the advice of Jennet or my guardian—yet, my Lord, I will own the minutes seemed tardy until the

H 4

day

day arrived, and I counted the hours with impatience.

Thursday morning at last appeared—I awoke with the sun—I blamed my hasty resolution—I lamented my promise—but then I questioned my heart, where could the harm be? and it replied, that it only lay in deceiving Jennet. “Ah!” cried I, “there it is—it is *that* must give me this repugnance to perform my promise—but how can I avoid deceiving her?—he begged I would not discover him—and why may I not see this amiable, this unhappy friend?—Pardon me, Jennet—I must obey him for once—but it is the last time I will do it without your approbation.” In order to compass my design with more ease, I begged the Duke to ask some ladies, and to let us have a little ball again at Fairy-Hill. He never refused any request I made him,  
and

and all was done as desired. Col. Temple asked me to dance with him—I consented to it. Often did I absent myself in the course of the evening, in order that my going out at the appointed hour should not appear extraordinary. I objected to a formal supper, and a side-board therefore was its substitute. Had it been otherwise, we must have supped at twelve.

Ah! my Lord, how difficult it is with a large share of sensibility, to act up to the forms which cold prudence preserves!—how difficult is it for a girl little more than fifteen to see through the arts of an insinuating and dangerous man, or to resist his eloquence when he has made an impression on her heart! I was hurried by an inexplicable impulse to meet Sir Charles Beaufort—I persuaded myself he foresaw that I could be of service to him, and that he was go-

H 5

ing

ing to tax my friendship—Had I conceived I should have heard a declaration of love from him, my innocence and pride had kept me from the interview so clandestinely planned.

I was dancing down with Col. Temple, when he pulled out his watch; it was a repeater; and he struck it, through affected sport, in Col. Middleton's ear: it sounded twelve—I looked at my own—it was indeed the hour—my knees trembled under me—an universal tremor seized my whole frame—and my appointment stared me in the face. When the dance was ended, Col. Temple, by his seeming inattention, gave me an opportunity of slipping out of the room—I did so—I flew some steps—I then stopped to listen—I saw my guardian at every turn—I heard Jennet in every wind—At length I reached the garden door—never had I found

found it so difficult to open—my fear deprived me of strength, and it was some minutes before I could unlock it—At last, I accomplished it—and with a beating and trembling heart I advanced towards the grove. At the entrance, I stood still—I wavered within myself whether I should proceed or turn back—I thought of the allegory so inimitably described in the adventurer, when one of Diana's nymphs had been prevailed on by Apollo to meet him at a late hour in a secret grotto—I imagined the moon had hid her beams from me, as she had then refused them to her—and I besought Heaven to instruct me what to do.

The stillness of the night—the awful shade of the grove—threw over my whole soul an awe which cannot be expressed—and I remained transfixed with doubt and fear. I was thus irre-



solite, thus wavering, when a deep sigh proceeded from the grove——  
“ Ah !” cried I, “ ’tis he—he thinks I have forgotten him—Did I not promise faithfully ?” This determined me ; and I struck at once into the awful shade.

The cloud that had helped to cast a gloom over my spirits now disappeared, and the moon shone forth in all her glory. I had not advanced many steps, when I observed a charming and well-known form approaching——Ah ! my Lord, never can I describe the emotions, the sensations, that took possession of my soul at that moment—a moment which will ever be remembered by me with horror.

Sir Charles Beaufort, on perceiving that I was actually come to meet him, sprung forward, and was at my feet in an instant——

‘ Ever

‘ Ever lovely—ever adored Eliza! is it possible? Are you really thus condescending? Is it to perform a promise you made, that I am now indebted for your presence? or does the passion that glows in my bosom exist in yours? Am I so happy as to be obliged to your love for this favour? “ I am come, Sir,” replied I, assuming much dignity, “ to know by what method I can be of use to you—You hinted to me, that you had a secret to inform me of, the concealing of which had cost you some pangs—if, therefore, by revealing it to me, I can in any manner serve you, you will find in me, as I assured you, a friend ready to compassionate and oblige you.” He was struck at my air of reserve—he blamed himself, I am certain, for having unbosomed his sentiments so soon—it was not the way to disarm me—He had art enough to perceive it, and he changed his manner—he

—he threw from him that air of freedom, and adopted that of softness and dejection.

‘ I have travelled, amiable Miss Warwick ! post from London, merely to obtain the honour, the happiness, that I am now possessed of—Your smiles, your kindness, have often charmed me—do not *now* kill my hopes by these looks of hatred and disdain—Consider, Madam, that this may be the last time the wretched Beaufort will ever trouble you—this may be the last meeting we shall ever have—Behold me, lovely Eliza ! a suppliant on my knees—refuse not what I have to ask.’ He wept—his tears fell upon my hands—I begged he would rise—I begged him to enter the summer-house, and be seated. ‘ No, never will I leave this humble posture,’ cried he, with emotion, ‘ until receive your pardon for my pre-

presumption—Prepare to wonder at it, beautiful Eliza!—prepare to kill me with your frowns—I love you, Madam—Heaven, that Heaven that hears, can witness to my truth—from the moment that I first beheld you, I became your slave—I have loved you—let me repeat it—I have breathed since, but to adore you—Now charming Eliza! bid me begone—tell me to leave your presence for ever—Yes, Madam, I will obey you—I *can* die.’ Ah! my Lord, what words!—but they were nothing to his manner—his fervency—his agitation—his look of despair!—Oh! my God! what were my sufferings!—what were my conflicts! My pen will not obey my fingers—for a few minutes I resign it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was motionless—I was too much  
affected

affected to speak. He perceived he had gained me to himself, and he lost not the victory he had taken such pains to make: he proceeded—‘Is it to your compassion, Madam, I owe this silence? Do you fear to pronounce my doom? —Ah! gentle Eliza! think, then, ere you speak—think of my wretchedness—pity my sensibility.’ Again he wept—again were my hands bedewed with his false tears. Overcome with the poignancy of my sensations, I sunk down upon a turf of grass that was behind me—a sickness came over me—every thing danced before my sight—and I became insensible *even* to Sir Charles Beaufort. When I recovered, I found myself in his arms—he had chafed my temples with Hungary-water I had applied to my nose a little while before, and it recalled my scattered senses—

‘How



‘ How are you, my angel?’ with an animated tenderness——‘ The dews of the night, I fear, have occasioned some sudden chill—lean upon my arm—let me support you to the summer-house.’ I obeyed in silence, and we entered the room—A pause ensued——our voices were choaked with our tears——At length I recollected that I might be missed——“I must leave you, Sir Charles,” cried I, for the preservation of your own secret—it is necessary that I should return to the house.” ‘ Ah!’ said he, ‘ will you leave me in despair? and can you go without giving me one ray of hope?—If I was dear to you—if I could obtain from you such an assurance—what an enviable situation should I be in?——ah how happy would it make your Beaufort!’ “*Dear to me!* Sir Charles——if that, Sir, can give you comfort, be assured you are dear to me.” ‘ But Temple,’ replied he.  
“ Ah!

“ Ah! name him not—he is odious to my eyes.”

Beaufort was all rapture—how often did he thank me!—how often did he invoke Heaven to witness the purity and sincerity of his love! He gained a promise from me, that I would listen to no man on the subject he then addressed me, till his return—I gave it cheerfully, and with all my heart. He cut off a ringlet of my hair, which had got loose by the wind, with his own scissars, and vowed it should never be separated from his bosom. Thus did he delay my return to the house, till it was absolutely too late for me to consent to remain longer.

The dreadful moment then approached, and we were obliged to bid each other adieu. How frequently we parted! Again he would return, and  
throw

throw himself between me and the path I pursued to get out of the grove. In short, my Lord, I tore myself from him—and at that instant it appeared as if the mortal and immortal part of me had separated for ever. I reached the house more dead than alive—I flew to my apartment—I there threw myself on my knees, and implored the Omnipotent Power to preserve Sir Charles, and to take me under his gracious protection. Some one rapped at my door—I asked, who was there?—I knew the Duke's voice—He readily found admittance; and he kindly reproved me for my long absence from the dancers—he said, *he had come to my closet before; but, as I did not speak, he would not disturb me, thinking I perhaps chose to be alone.* He then desired me to return with him to the saloon, which I could not object to—and I entered it with a blushing consciousness; which was a sensation, however, more agreeable

agreeable than the one I possessed on quitting it.

Colonel Temple's eyes penetrated my soul—I could not bear them—He said very low to me, *that there was something out of that room extremely fascinating; for I seemed to forget to return when once I left it.* A look of indignation contained my reply. He seemed disturbed, and could hardly hear me speak, or see me move, with common patience. *He was jealous of my fan,* he told me; then eyed me significantly, and asked, *If he had reason to be jealous of any thing?* I assured him I did not know of any right he had to be jealous of *me*—that I was perfectly indifferent towards *him*—and that I thought him both unkind and impolite to dwell on a subject that he knew I hated. He bowed, and left me, and I avoided him for the remainder of the ball.

In

In about a week from that night, Beauvarise and Temple received letters from Sir Charles Beaufort; they contained farewells to both, and to say, that ere *they* could reach Fairy-Hill he expected to tread foreign ground. The Duke read to me aloud some passages of his, and paused upon that in which he was charged to offer Mrs. Heber and his lovely ward the best and tenderest wishes of his heart.

Beauvarise smiled—he took my hand “Is not this a presuming wretch, my dear Eliza?” I was in a universal tremor—I answered, ‘No, my Lord.’ “Ha!” cried he, “would you accept the tenderness he offers?” ‘Surely, my Lord, if you have no objection, I would with pleasure.’ He snatched me to his heart—“No, my dear timid creature, so far from raising one objection to it, I would become my nephew’s



phew's advocate——Does he require one in that bosom?" 'Ah! no,' cried I, the tears falling fast from my eyes, 'I am presumptuous enough, my dear guardian, to love him, next to you, better than any man in the world.'

"Continue to do so, ever-loved Eliza! Beaufort is a noble fellow—he has some faults, I will allow; but they are of that kind which his youth only can be taxed with—his heart is a good one—and I never met with a man of stronger natural sense, or one who could have done more credit to his education." He changed the subject, and I soon after quitted his closet more happy than words can express.

'Ah!'" said I, 'I am permitted to love this amiable man——nay, Beauvarise commands me to do so.' I laid open to Jenet the situation of my  
I heart,

heart, concealing only from her the private interview I had with Sir Charles. She seemed very much affected at my relation; and I could plainly perceive that he was one of the last men she would have chosen for my husband.

Whether it was some private anecdotes she had heard of him in that county, that prejudiced her, or whether it resulted from her own penetration, I know not; but certain it is, she conceived towards him an insuperable disgust. She was a woman of infinite sense and delicacy, and her sentiments of virtue and honour were not inferior to those of famed Lucrece. She told me, *to consider how very young I was—that Sir Charles Beaufort would in all probability see women more of his own age, and more lovely than I could pretend to be—that men were never constant—and that young ladies*

*ladies characteristics should be always prudence and reserve.* I fighed at the truth of her observations, and promised her I would never do any thing without her advice and approbation.

As I left Jennet, I met Col. Temple—He took my hand——“ Miss Warwick, I beg of you to favour me for five minutes with your company in the little drawing-room—there is no one there, and I have something of consequence to say to you.” ‘ If Col. Temple,’ replied I, ‘ is going to reassume the old subject, I neither can nor will listen to him.’

“ No,” said he, “ upon my honour, not a word of my own passion shall you hear; but I have a matter of some consequence to communicate, which will, I have no doubt, give you pleasure—Come, come, we have no time to lose.”

I followed

I followed him into the little drawing-room; when he, seating me, and placing a chair near mine, thus began:

“ When Sir Charles Beaufort first saw you, lovely Eliza! he told me had seen in you the only woman that could make him happy—he described you with all the eloquence of love, forgetting that we had all beheld you, at the same time, and became your admirer. —Unhappily for me, I stopped not at admiration—I looked—I listened—and I loved—Nay, no interruption—I shall no more plead my own cause, nor have I any selfish view in desiring this *tête-à-tête*.

You know, amiable Miss Warwick, that I behaved ungenerously to my friend—I disregarded the confidence he had placed in me, and dared to disclose to you the secret of my soul—

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I

Beaufort

Beaufort overheard me—he reproached me with want of honour—I pleaded guilty to the severe accusation, because I merited it, in the point he alluded to—He pitied, and reinstated me in his esteem—I promised, as some recompence for my baseness, to forward his suit with you—and he has now put my friendship to the trial.”

At these words he drew from his pocket a letter directed to me—  
“ Here, charming Eliza !” continued he, pale and trembling—“ here is a tender billet from the man you love—he is an admirable fellow—he is a man of honour—Read it, and do me the honour to intrust me with your answer.” Col. Temple arose, bowed, and was leaving me, when I caught hold of his arm—‘ Ah ! my friend !’ cried I, ‘ pity my youth—my inexperience—my imprudence ? Take from  
me



me this dangerous letter—Why all this mystery, if no harm is intended me? The Duke knows I regard Sir Charles Beaufort, and he is pleased with me for acknowledging it——He has further desired me to love him for his sake—Why, then, this clandestine proceeding?

No, Sir——I can never consent to it——If you insist on my keeping this packet, I will do so; but, rest assured, I will immediately shew it to my guardian and Jennet—never will I again experience such reproaches as my heart made me before, when I yielded to your friend's request of meeting him in private.' Col. Temple was petrified with astonishment—He gave me time to recollect myself and snatching up the letter, which I had thrown down, I put it in my pocket—'It is very well, Sir,' cried I; 'I have taken my resolution.'

“ Do not ruin Beaufort for loving you,” exclaimed he. ‘ By no means, Colonel Temple—I will only be convinced that my honour, my innocence, are not conspired against.’ Saying this, I left him abruptly. Now, my Lord, how am I to describe what passed within my heart?—I cannot attempt it. I held in my hand a renewal of vows which had before given me such pleasure—I held this letter, however, undetermined whether or not to break the seal—‘ I will shew it to the Duke,’ I exclaimed—‘ he will not be angry, for the sake of my ingenuofness—but first of all I will carry it to Jennet, and confess the whole affair.’ I flew to her apartment—I shed many tears, and acknowledged the interview I had with Sir Charles.

I then presented her with the unopened letter I had received; and,  
after

after relating my conversation with Temple, I asked her how I should proceed? It is not in the possibility of words to express how shocked she was at my narration of the grove-adventure—She shuddered at my danger—she blessed Heaven for my escape.—Beaufort appeared to her in the light of a seducer, and she seemed to execrate the minute that first presented him to my sight. Ah! my God! have I not had reason to lament it also?

Jennet tenderly sympathized with me in bewailing the act of imprudence which had given Sir Charles Beaufort reason to suppose me an easy conquest—she, however, encouraged my repentance, and carefully avoided throwing me into despair. She painted to me, in strong and lively colours, the dangers I had exposed myself to—and made me, for the first time, suspect

that the most ungenerous advantage might have been taken of it—Some merit, then, was his due, I thought—but, alas ! he only wished, at that time, to make an impresson on my heart—he well knew that an early one in his favour, attended with a confidence, which his behaviour that night was calculated to inspire, would do more for him, when I became of an age to return his passion with tenderness, than all his rhetoric, at a more advanced period.

Jennet advised me to repair to the Duke, and to unbosom myself to him with the same unreserve I had shewn towards her; but I felt I know not what at the idea, which for a long time made me irresolute. At length her arguments prevailed; and I left her to seek Beauvarise.

I found

I found him in his closet—I approached him with fear and awe—I thought he looked graver than usual—My fancy suggested a thousand horrid ideas—but he soon dissipated them, by asking me, with a smile, *if I wanted any thing that he could oblige me with?*—I was unable to speak, but threw my arms around his neck as he sat, and sobbed aloud. He pulled me gently on his knee, and clasped me in his arms—“What is it that thus afflicts my child? Why this sorrow? Does my Eliza doubt of my love? Can she doubt of my readiness to serve her?”

‘Oh! no, no, my Lord; but I am unworthy of that love—I have deceived you in an artful manner—and I am now come, my guardian, my protector, my all that’s good, to beg your forgiveness, and to make atonement for my crime.’ He would not suffer me



to accuse myself thus, but begged me to treat him as a friend—declared he would prove himself one, and that my confidence should not be misplaced

I then began—I concealed nothing from him—assured him the reproaches of my heart were very bitter—and concluded by giving him the letter, and telling him of the conversation I had with Colonel Temple. ‘And now, my dear guardian, you do not absolutely hate your poor unworthy child,’ cried I.

“No, my Eliza!” said he, “you are as dear to me as ever—I admire the amiable innocence and sensibility of your soul—I never rejected a penitent yet—and I trust I never shall—You were faulty only in one respect, my love—that was when you endeavoured to deceive me in your meeting with  
Sir

Sir Charles—I will not dwell upon the indelicacy of that—your youth and simplicity prevented your viewing it in any light injurious to prudence—but the event demonstrates, that Sir Charles blinded you with a shew of friendship, when he really felt a very different sentiment for you—therefore that must teach you, my dear Eliza, to be ever on your guard against the persuasions of a man.

“As for this letter, what are we to do with it, my little friend? Shall I throw it in the fire?” continued he, laughing, “or shall I indulge your curiosity with a sight of its contents first?” I blushed—“Come, come,” answered he, “I see you do not care for the poor fellow; so here it goes;” and he made a motion with his hand, as if he really intended it for the flames. Without knowing what I did, I caught his arm

—He laughed out, and embraced me with affection—“ Here, Eliza,” said he, “ take it—it is with my consent and approbation you peruse this billet—and what makes me inexpressibly happy, is, the prospect I have of giving to Sir Charles Beaufort so excellent and lovely a bride as my Eliza Warwick will be. I shall take no notice of this affair in my letter to my nephew, nor shall I mention it to Mr. Temple—so you may act on that occasion as you will.” I threw myself at his feet, and blessed him a thousand times : he raised me to a seat with much tenderness, and left me to read the delightful letter I was again possessed of.

I cannot give you the copy of it, my Lord—I burnt it long since, with many others, which merited no other fate—Happier had I been, if the dangerous  
and

and charming language they contained had reached no further than my sight; but, alas! there was a fatal infection in all he wrote, or spoke, that ever found its way to my heart.

Col. Temple reproached me frequently for this act of confidence towards my guardian and Jennet, and once muttered that *he could wish I might not repent it*. I told him, that, let things happen as they might, I never should regret having done my duty—that, if a breach with Sir Charles was to be the consequence, I should be sorry for it, but that the idea of having acted well would in a great measure support me under such an affliction. I gave him, at the same time, a letter for his friend, which Beauvarise and Jennet had both approved of, wherein I mentioned the whole affair, described the horrid sensations I endured at hav-

ing acted in so clandestine a manner, congratulated him on the countenance the Duke afforded him on this occasion, and ended with begging him to believe my regard for him was invariable.

I waited impatiently for an answer to this letter—One month rolled on without a line from Sir Charles—another came and went—and still no news of him. The Duke, in order to divert my ideas, continually had balls at his own house, and carried me to those places of amusement which the county afforded. We went to the races at Richmond—I found the place and company agreeable; and Sir Charles's neglect was often forgotten. I was much admired—my hand on a ball-night was considered as a prize worthy of contention. Among the gentlemen of Yorkshire, who professed themselves my lovers, were two, whose characters entitled



entitled them to my esteem, had not my gratitude for their disinterested conduct concerning me exacted from me the highest friendship.

Sir James Millmant was a man of large fortune—He was thought handsome, and was certainly sensible, and much accomplished—He paid his addresses to me in form, asked me of the Duke, and begged him to employ the interest he had with me in his favour. My engagement to Sir Charles Beaufort was the only circumstance that could have prevented Beauvarise from recommending to me Sir James as a lover. I refused to listen to his proposals, and he was dismissed with great reluctance on his part.

Mr. Warley's possessions were not inferior to Sir James's—He applied in the same honourable manner to the Duke,

Duke, assuring him my heart was all he set a value on; and intreated, at the same time, that he would not think of bestowing with me any fortune, since I was already much superior to his hopes, and far above all pecuniary advantages. The Duke thanked him for his generous offers, but pleaded my extreme youth, and his having other prospects in view for me, as an excuse for his and my refusal.

Mr Warley, who was all amiableness, had certainly engaged my affections, had I seen him before I did Sir Charles—His person was elegant, and seemed the peculiar favourite of the *Graces*; they played about him in every gesture, in every action—There was no accomplishment he did not, as a man of fashion, excel in—He was remarkably sensible; and with a gentleness of voice and manner, no less lively and humorous

ous. Mr. Warley did not take his dismissal in the same manner as Sir James Millmant—he haunted me wherever I went—and was for ever sounding in my ears *he should love me to the last moment of his life*; “yet,” would he say, “do not make yourself uneasy—go on—refuse me—you have my consent to do so, if you do not prefer me to every other man—Only suffer me to see you—to be near you—to render you sometimes little services—in short look upon me as a friend—I will ever be one to you—and in my heart an ardent and sincere lover.” We soon returned to Fairy-Hill, accompanied by a large party from Richmond.

One night, as we were coming from a lady's house, a few miles from the Duke's, where we had been dancing, Mrs. Heber complained of a violent pain in her head. She was put to bed  
soon

soon after in a high fever. I sat up with her. She was delirious. The next morning her physicians pronounced her in imminent danger; and I lamented my fate, on my being about to lose so valuable a friend. She continued a week in this situation, and on the ninth day expired in my arms.

My God! my God! how shocked I was!—so sudden, so unexpected, was her loss!—and at a time so melancholy!—just as her only son had arrived in England, after an absence of three years, with his regiment.

Mrs. Heber was of a good family in the West of England. She married an amiable and handsome Officer, who had the *crime* of poverty to be urged against him, and which was too atrocious a one ever to be forgiven by Mrs. Heber's parents. Her own fortune, however,

however, she enjoyed independently of her family; and this her honourable husband had settled upon her before he would make himself master of her hand. She had one son by him. After many years of happiness, they parted for ever—he was killed in the last war, and she was left a *really* disconsolate widow. She retired into Yorkshire soon after, and her son entered into the army. Beauvarise made him a present of his commission, and employed his interest to serve him.

Mrs. Heber often used to speak of her past life with an emotion of which I partook, and of her son's being so soon to return to her maternal arms with a pleasure that seemed to compensate for all her past inquietudes—but the abrupt hand of death interposed, and put a final stop to all her hopes and fears.

M



My close attendance upon my good Mrs. Heber soon gave me the fever which had deprived her of life—a fever so contagious in itself, that hundreds were at that time expiring of it in the North of England. The shock her death had given to my spirits, and the fatigue I underwent in sitting up with her at nights, prepared me as it were, to receive it with all its violence—I grew very ill—I wandered continually. Beauvarise seldom left my bed-side. In my moments of delirium I called frequently on my guardian to save me, and often prophesied that I should want his fatherly protection. The Duke's agitation at such times would be dreadful. My youth, and the extreme innocence of diet I had always been accustomed to, and which on no account Beauvarise would ever suffer me to deviate from, enabled me, at length, to shake off this horrid, this fatal disease, and most

most unexpectedly a turn was perceived in me for the better.

As I began to sit up, and gain strength, I observed the Duke was not so often in my apartment as I expected. I asked Jennet for him, but she always evaded my question. He would now and then look in upon me; and, as my room was darkened, I could not perceive that he was obliged to be supported until he gained my bed. He would then sit by me for a few minutes, and leave me as soon as possible. One whole day, however, passed, and I saw nothing of him. Upon my inquiring the cause, Jennet told me *he had a slight cold, which confined him to his apartment.* Another went over, and he did not appear. My heart misgave me, and I believed that Jennet had not discovered to me the truth. She often absented herself from me, as I was then well  
able

able to walk about my chamber ; and it was in one of those absences that one of the maid-servants of the house came in, *to know if I wanted any thing ?* “ Yes, Victoire,” cried I, “ I want to speak a few words to you.” The girl was pleased to be made of so much consequence, and she drew near me with readiness and pleasure. By the questions I asked her, and from her simplicity, I learned a dreadful secret——that her Lord was ill of the same disorder I had recovered from, and that he then was thought to be in imminent danger. “ Well, go,” cried I, do not stay longer ;” and I rewarded her, though she had told me the worst news I had ever heard in my life. When she was gone, I threw myself on my knees——“ Ah ! my God,” exclaimed I, “ now is the time, now is the time, that I should need your assistance—— Poor Eliza ! wretched orphan ! what is to become of thee !——Ah ! spare to me,  
for

for pity's sake spare to me, my dear guardian—Take all—but leave me him and Jennet.”

Jennet soon after came in to me; it was near bed-time, and she intreated me in a voice interrupted by her sighs to let her undress me, and to go to my repose. I suffered her to do as she pleased, and I got into bed. She sat by me for some time, in the course of which she endeavoured to suppress her sobs, when, thinking me asleep, she retired from my apartment.

“ Ah !” cried I, jumping up, “ he is dying, and they will not give me the comfort of taking a last farewell from his dear lips—I will go—I will see him once more—I will beg him to bless his poor child—I will take a last kiss—Ah ! can I think of it, and live !—I shall take *a last look*——Oh ! my guardian ! my friend !

friend!—and am I indeed to lose you!” I threw myself out of bed—I hurried on a few things—and, taking up a light that was left in my room, with quick steps I took the way to Beauvarise’s apartment. As I went through an anti-chamber that led to it, I saw Mr. Warley and Colonel Temple in deep conversation. I drew near them. They started back at seeing me. Mr. Warley took hold of my hand—he asked me whither I was going? “To the Duke,” answered I. ‘Ah!’ no,’ cried he; ‘allow me, dear Miss Warwick, to persuade you to return to your own room.’ Col. Temple, in the meanwhile, shut the door. I fell upon my knees in an agony of sorrow—I prayed, I intreated them not to oppose my inclinations—I pointed to my head, and begged them to consider *that*—then to my heart, and assured them it would break, if I was not permitted to see him.



him. Mr. Warley, with a look of compassion and respect, raised me ; and after endeavouring to reason me out of my desire to no purpose, led me to the Duke's chamber. I walked in, to the amazement of his physicians, and every other individual in the room ; and with trembling limbs I reached the bed. Beauvarise who had heard an exclamation, and my name pronounced, put back the curtain with his hand ; and as soon as he saw me, he called out, ' Ah ! my Eliza ! this was not well done.' His voice overcame me——  
" Ah ! my dear guardian !" cried I, " do I really hear you speak ! Has Heaven been pleased to attend to my prayers ;—Oh ! my Lord, do not command me to leave you—I am well——indeed I am—and can taste no repose, unless I am permitted to watch by you." He took my hand—he kissed it—he prayed me to be composed—and, if  
I loved

I loved him—to consider that my health was the first object of his care.

Jennet made it her request that I should not sit up that night; and, with a heart bounding with pleasure to find *he was yet alive*, I yielded to her intreaty, and retired to my own apartment. Sleep did not visit me, nor was I solicitous for her presence, lest a much-dreaded calamity should happen in that interval of insensibility. I arose with the day, which I fancied would never dawn—I dressed myself entirely, and crept to my guardian's room. He was asleep—so were all his attendants, in their chairs. I pulled off my slippers, lest I should disturb him, and walked softly to his bedside—I there sat down on the ground, and leaned my head against one of the posts—tears fell in torrents down my face, and I lifted up my heart to God to beseech his protec-

tion of my truest, dearest, best friend. In about an hour the Duke stirred—he called to his valet for drink—I arose, and gave it to him—He did not know me—he said *I was a guardian spirit, that came warm him hence*—“ Oh! no, my Lord,” cried I, “ I am your own Eliza, the poor orphan whom you have loved.” ‘ Yes, yes,’ said he, ‘ I know you have assumed her form, for in that you could best converse with me.’

I asked Dr. D—— what he thought of his patient—I besought him to tell me with candour, for I could better bear by degrees his loss, than to hear suddenly I had sustained it. He looked at me with compassion, and said, ‘ Compose yourself, my dear young lady—Prepare for the worst—My candour (since you do exact it) bids me inform you, that in a very few hours your guardian will’——He paused,

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and

and humanely turned from me to wipe his eyes. The current of my tears seemed at that moment to be stopped—my blood congealed—and I hurried from him to conceal my emotions. Ah! my Lord, what emotions!—You know what I owed to Beauvarise—you know how I loved him—and him I beheld expiring before me!—Good God! it was thy will.



I returned immediately to the chamber which contained my most precious treasure—I placed myself at the head of his pillow—I considered it as the last sad attendance I should pay him. While he slept, I kissed his loved face, and bathed it with the tears of affliction—I looked on myself as the child of sorrow, and the outcast of comfort—My grief lay heavy at my heart, and my

sighs of despair——Oh! when I look back to that day—that fatal day—my soul sinks to the earth——I experience the most dreadful pangs—I tremble at the idea of going on——yet, Lady Huntley, your commands shall be obeyed.

Beauvarise awoke after a sleep of some hours——He called Dr. D——, who went to him——“ Sir,” said the Duke, “ how long do you think it will be before this heat entirely consumes me?—I should like to see my nephew—to give him a most sacred charge—Do you imagine I can survive many days—many hours?—Could he be sent for time enough to receive my last injunctions.” The amiable physician hesitated—yet begged him *to keep his mind undisturbed; that, at the time he pronounced him in danger, there were still hopes from his having endured his illness so long;*



*and advised that Sir Charles should be sent for, but intreated him not to reflect upon what he should say to him, before his arrival; he told him, there would be a turn in his disorder that day, and that every thing depended on his composure.*

The Doctor went to Col. Temple, and told him of his conversation with the Duke——‘ yet,’ said he, ‘ I have so little hope of his Grace’s recovery, that I should think it best not to dispatch your express for Sir Charles till two hours hence——at six o’clock the Duke’s fate will be determined.

With what anxiety, with what perturbation, I waited for that time, I shall not tell you; suffice it to say—it came too soon.

About five o’clock the Duke called for “ his Eliza.” I was sitting at the head

head of his bed, and directly arose, and came forward to the side towards which he lay. He then asked for Jennet and Col. Temple; they also attended: when, raising himself, he stretched forth his hand, to receive mine:—

“ My dearest child ?” cried he, in a composed and audible voice, “ the hour is now come when the great God has pleased to call me hence—Grieve not for my departure—Think more of the lessons of virtue I have given you, than t’he endearing careffes you have received from me—the first will ever be my substitutes; whereas the latter, though pleasing, could never be depended on.

Consider me as one setting out on a long journey, not as a parent dead to you for ever—and be perswaded, that, if you continue to walk in the paths of

innocence and goodness, we shall once more see each other, in those mansions of the blessed where grief and sorrow never enter, where death will not intrude, and where we shall no more be separated—Ah! my Eliza!” throwing his arms about me as I kneeled, “suppress these tears—give not way to your affliction—in Sir Charles Beaufort you will find a protector—a guardian—a husband—I bequeath you to him as the choicest and most valuable gift I have to leave him——Jennet,” continued he, “give me your hand—Grieve not for me, though we have been long sincere friends——Comfort your dear charge, and guard her virtue from the snares of designing men—Col. Temple, I have one favour to ask of you——let your friend know that it is my dying request to him to make this charming creature happy——I expect she will be his wife—but tell him, if he dares to  
insult

insult, or plot against, her innocence—if he stands not forth her protector in every sense of the word—may Heaven avenge her wrongs, and inflict on him every curse!—I have provided largely for her by my will—in the mean time, she has unlimited credit on my banker—It is my advice that she retires from Fairy-Hill, and returns to the house she possessed in Surry during her childhood—there will her innocence be more secure, more sheltered, until she is united to Sir Charles Beaufort—You have my good wishes, Col. Temple—and my earnest intreaty is, that you will never behold patiently my Eliza wronged.”

He grew faint—he fell back upon his pillow—I thought he was gone; and, clasping my hands together, I shrieked with violence—He again arose—he put his finger on his mouth, and

raised his eyes to Heaven, as if to admonish me to bear its decrees in silent resignation—then, beckoning me to come to his arms, he threw them round me—bunk his head upon my shoulder—and, with a deep sigh, breathed out his soul for ever.——— Oh ! my Lord —— my breaking heart ?———

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as his blessed spirit had winged its flight, his hands were unloosed that clasped me to his bosom, and I was torn from him, speechless, though not insensible. I endeavoured, I struggled, to hold him still ; but the superior strength of Col. Temple soon disengaged me from him. They carried me into another apartment, and laid me on a sofa ; and Dr. D——— ordered



ordered an attending surgeon to take some blood from my arm.

They administered volatiles—they preached patience—but, alas ! they had a soul to deal with, so sensible to the distress it was overwhelmed in, that at the moment it bade defiance to all their cool philosophy. Could I, my Lord, describe the horrors of my situation at that time, I would spare your humanity the recital—but, ah ! how inadequate is my pen to such a task !—or indeed what pen, what tongue, could do justice to the keenness of my anguish !

Dr. D—— spoke much to me—he tried to excite my tears—he wished to hear me say something—but I continued absorbed in the most dismal reflections—I could not command one syllable——The Duke's last groan vi-

brated on my hearing—My eyes rolled around, as if to find him whom they had ever been accustomed to view with delight—My heart beat high with fear and horror; and if I were to compare it to the flutterings of a poor hare within a few minutes of becoming a wretched victim to its merciless persecutors, your Lordship may form some judgment of its painful emotions.

Jennet, whose sorrow had rendered her unable to assist me, sat weeping by the corse of our generous friend—but when she heard of the condition I was in, she offered to present herself before me. Dr. D—— consented to it, hoping that the sight of her affliction might move me to vent my grief in as audible a manner. She entered the room where I lay——she advanced towards me, bathed in tears, and threw herself at my feet. She was the only object I could

could have regarded at that instant—her distress was ever persuasive, ever eloquent, with me—and I loved her better than all the world beside.

I arose on seeing her—I looked at her for awhile in the greatest agony—I wiped the drops that fell from her eyes with my apron, and kissed away those that succeeded them—At length, Nature, over-powered with the terrible conflict it endured, relieved my labouring heart with a plentiful shower of the bitterest tears I had ever shed before. From that hour my grief was less dangerous; but, ah! could any thing have been more exquisite! The lenient hand of Time, my Lord, has rendered it less violent; but never do I pass over these scenes in idea without experiencing the same sadness I then endured. I was put to bed soon after in a second raging fever.

K 6

For

For three days after the fatal one I have been describing, I was continually delirious; my disorder attacked my head entirely, and there were little hopes of my recovery, from the extreme weakness of my situation. To Dr. D—'s skill am I indebted for the prolongation of a life which I would with pleasure have yielded into the Almighty's hands, had it been his will to have taken it. Ah! my Lord, it was reserved for an affliction far superior to that which I have already painted.

On the fourth day of my illness, I was more reasonable—I knew Jennet, and most of my attendants—I sometimes, indeed, asked for the Duke; but memory too soon reassumed her place, and convinced me that I had seen him for *the last time*. The idea shocked me—*the last time* would I frequently repeat to myself!—Good God!

I was

I was not prepared for such a stroke ! I did not take my leave of him—I must see him once more—at all events I will attempt it. On the fifth day, I asked Jennet to let me visit Beauvarise's apartment—" There is a melancholy consolation in the thought, my dear friend," added I, " which I am sure you will not deny to sorrow like mine—I shall be composed—I shall be easier after it—If you love me, dear Jennet, do not refuse me this favour."

My manner surprized her more than the request—there was an inexpressible something in my countenance which as she afterwards told me) she did not like—a look of anguish—a trait of despair—my eyes were heavy, and fixed on the ground—a death-like paleness had taken possession of every feature—'Tis true, my illness had been a long one ; but grief only could have given  
me



me so pallid a hue—it was not the usual langour which accompanies sickness—it was a fixed melancholy—a gnawing vulture of the mind, which had preyed on the roses of my cheeks. She evaded my request—she seemed to dread a renewal of it—I therefore desisted from importuning her further on the subject; determined, however, to accomplish the design of seeing my guardian *once more*. The next day I was permitted to walk about my apartment; and I endeavoured to appear chearful, in order to give no suspicion of my intention. I retired that night early to bed, under the pretence of being overcome with sleep. Jenner, who had watched by me constantly, was prevailed on by my entreaty to go to rest soon, as she really required repose, from the fatigue she had undergone, both of mind and body; and in her place

place I had desired that Victoire should be permitted to sit up in my chamber.

I struck my watch at eleven, twelve, and one—I then thought it time to execute my project—I put back the curtain with my hand, and observed that the maid was fast asleep—I stole from my bed, put on a few things, wrapped a cloak about me, and, taking up the light that burnt on the hearth, went to the Duke's apartment. I passed along with fear, lest I should be discovered; but when I arrived at the door of the chamber I was seized with horror—I shivered—a cold dew overspread my face—and I rested my aching head against the wainscot——“How!” cried I to myself, after a short pause—Can this be the room which I have entered with pleasure so often?—Why these trembling limbs?—Why this universal dread?—Can it be  
the

the image of Death which I fear to behold ? or is it the altered, the pale face face of my *guardian* ?—Ah ! my dear guardian !” continued I, in a flood of sorrow—“ ah ! my best friend !—I cannot fear to see thee—Death may have robbed thee of those charming smiles which comforted the heart of an orphan, but still she must behold thee with reverence and love.”

My spirits returned after these reflections, and I entered his chamber with confidence—I walked up to the bed—I saw nothing—I looked into the closet—the object I sought was not there—stopped—I listened—a death-like silence prevailed throughout—“ Where can he be !” said I, in despair—“ Surely, they have not conveyed him to his cold lodging already !—Ah ! too certainly they have—and I shall never see him more,”—I clasped my hands together

together in agony—I called on the dear the sacred name of Beauvarise—My voice echoed through the vaulted roof, and the name of Beauvarise resounded in fainter accents to my woe. My horrors returned—I thought I beheld the form of my guardian—I saw him struggle with his torments—I heard his dying groan—I heard him shriek—My Lord, my feelings at that moment beggar all description.

I hastened, with trembling steps, from that suite of apartments, where every thing added to my fear and dread, and I was making towards my own chamber, when I reflected that perhaps they had lain the Duke in the saloon. The wish of seeing him *once again* was strong enough to overcome my terrors, and I advanced to the saloon.

I opened

I opened the door with caution, and on my entrance I was shocked with the apparatus of Death—The room was hung round with black; and in the middle, upon forms, was raised---oh! how shall I call him?—my protector, parent, friend—the person whom I loved beyond every earthly good—there he lay, unconscious of the pangs that wrung the heart of his wretched Eliza.

On chairs sat several attendants, who, insensible to the horror of the scene, had reposed themselves in the arms of sleep. The lights that were disposed about only served to shew the awful solemnity of every object, but those which were placed on each side of the coffin discovered to my afflicted sight the death-struck countenance of Beauvarise. After a pause, in which time I had taken notice of every circumstance I have mentioned, I drew towards the  
corpse;



corpse ; and laying my candle down, I fell on my knees before it—" You," cried I, " who have been more than father to me—you, who have been my kind monitor—my sympathizing friend—my soothing comforter—you—oh Beauvarise!—deign from that Heaven where you sit enthroned—deign to cast a pitying eye on the distresses of Eliza—— Better had it been, my blessed guardian, to have left me destitute, the outcast of fortune——better had it been, if you had suffered me to experience the hardships of that fate which threatened me——far better, than to have snatched me from calamity——to have fostered me in your bosom—and have subjected me to feel the greatest misfortune than can befall me—this separation from you."

I arose—I stood some time leaning over the side of the coffin——during  
which

which space I kissed each dear hand of this revered, this excellent man. Exhausted, at length, with the excess of grief which assailed my bosom, I threw myself on the body, and sobbed aloud—I spoke to him—I called on him—I proclaimed my despair—I invoked his assistance—and my senses were so entirely engrossed in the reflection of my misery, that I heard not Col. Temple enter the room.

Temple was restless and uneasy that night—the gloom of the scene around him had thrown over his spirits an usual sadness—and, disliking the thought of retiring to bed, had taken leave of Mr. Herbert some hours before, and had sat up to read, in a room adjoining the saloon. He imagined he had heard a noise several times; but had disregarded it, as the mere work of fancy: at last, my impetuous grief broke through

through all bounds, and the names of *guardian*, *friend*, and *father*, sounded evidently on his ear.

‘Heavens!’ said he, ‘I hear the voice of Miss Warwick!’—He opened the door hastily, and entered—he beheld me hanging over the coffin—my cheek close to that of the dear object I so much lamented—my tears, which had fallen in abundance, had had wet his lifeless face—his hands were grasped in mine. Col. Temple was struck with amazement at the sight and remained some minutes incapable of motion: at length the exclamation of ‘Good God!’ pronounced in a loud and emphatical voice, roused me from my miserable reflections, and I quitted my reclining posture. Colonel Temple then advanced to speak to me—his words were rather sharp—he reproached me with a want of piety—

first, in my regretting the will of the Most High; and secondly, in endangering my own life so rashly—he concluded by begging me to retire to my own apartment, and to leave to undisturbed repose the cold clay of the dead.

I leaned on the coffin, as he spoke—I suffered him to chide on, without interruption. When he had ended, my heart rose up against him—I looked on him at that instant as an unfeeling monster—I considered him as unworthy of my resentment—and, waving my hand to him to begone, resumed my former position. He approached me—‘ Miss Warwick,’ cried he, let me implore you to consider your health—the thinness of your dress, your being out of bed at so late an hour after so severe an illness, together with the dreadful conflicts you expose yourself to in such a melancholy scene, must inevitably endanger that life  
so

So precious to all that know you—Your  
Jennet—do you not pity her?—what  
will she say to this untimely visit?’ At  
her name I again arose—“ Yes, Sir,”  
replied I, “ I will obey you—I will  
preserve my life, since it is dear to Jen-  
net—I will ever consider her peace in  
preference to my own—and for her  
sake I will consent to retire from this  
scene of Death—but, oh! my God!”  
continued I, turning towards the coffin,  
“ how can I think of bidding this ob-  
ject adieu for ever!—My dear guardi-  
an!” kissing his pale lips, “ we must  
part—yet I trust it will not be long ere  
we meet in that Heaven to which you  
have ever bade me look up for hope!  
—Ah! then, farewell! my parent! my  
all that is good and affectionate!—  
Vouchsafe to hover over me in the day  
of danger—forget not your poor Eliza  
—and guard her innocence.”

Over-



Overcome with the exertion of my soul, I sunk down upon his breast ; and a shower of tears relieved me. Colonel Temple lifted me in his arms, and was hurrying me away ; but I broke from him—" Ah ! Sir," exclaimed I, " one more embrace—the favour is a small one—do not refuse it to me."

My agitation prevailed, and Colonel Temple permitted me to approach the coffin. My adieus were pathetic—I kissed his lips—his hands—I threw my arms around his neck, and held him as if I meant never to unlose my hold. With difficulty I was torn from him—and methought at that dreadful moment I felt the weight of every misfortune I have experienced since.

The next day he was interred ; and I was kept in the furthest part of the house, lest I should suspect his being carried

carried away. My grief, if I had thought so, would no doubt have broke through all restraint ; and I should have occasioned to Jennet and Col. Temple much anguish and trouble.

In a little while I grew more calm, more resigned——Jennet and I would walk for hours, and talk of our departed friend with a sorrow that was peaceful and resigned. In a short time, I abhorred the idea of remaining longer at Fairy-Hill, and Jennet and I prepared for our return to Richmond in Surry. I had many offers from several families of condition, that were neighbours of the amiable Duke, to come and reside with them ; but the sweet and humble retreat which Beauvarise had pointed out to me, wore a thousand more charms in my imagination than all the pomp of greatness.

You must, no doubt, my Lord, wonder at my having written so many pages without once mentioning the name of Beaufort; and, indeed, your surprise may be natural, when you figure to yourself a young heart enslaved by the beauty and allurements of this very man, whom I have so long forbore to make the subject of my pen: but, at that time, I thought myself ill-treated by him; not a line had I received in answer to the letter I wrote him; and I confess I believed Jennet's prediction of his inconstancy verified: Col. Temple, however, two days before my departure from Yorkshire, told me he had heard from Sir Charles, and asked me if I was not impatient to share his information?—I listened to his intelligence with a kind of sullen discontent—I did not put one question to him concerning his friend—and arose, and left the room.

The

The next day I dined at Lady B—'s, (an agreeable woman, who was a friend of my dear guardian's)——She had a good deal of company——amongst whom was a Col. Afgill——he had just come from ——, and had seen and known Beaufort intimately there. He was asked many things about him—to all of them he replied much to the honour of Sir Charles, as a man of gallantry, and a favourite of the ladies. He then spoke of a Lady Gertrude Dorset—described her as a resplendent star that shone in that great city——and seemed to say, that no woman there had pretensions to wit or beauty when she appeared. He observed, no man saw her, without feeling her power, and groaning under it; for though her captives were numerous, yet to all she preserved a degree of distant reserve that threw them into despair. A lady present asked, “ if Sir Charles Beaufort was one of her  
L 2 admirers ?”

admirers?" Col. Afgill answered, that he could not positively assert it, as he never heard it from himself—but that *the world talked loudly of his being not ONLY A LOVER, but the one most likely to prove successful.* I blushed—something arose in my bosom, which I could not conquer—I fancied every eye upon me—I trembled from a certain consciousness. Col. Temple saw my confusion, and kindly endeavoured to call another subject—he had wit and liveliness, as I have said before; and he soon engaged every one to listen to and regard him alone. In the mean time, I recovered my composure, and, with one indulged sigh, vowed to forget him for ever.

Behold me now, my Lord, taking leave of the sweets of Fairy-Hill—not a shrub, not a flower, but appeared interesting to me at that moment. I visited every chamber of the house—I wept  
—I prayed



——I prayed in that where the Duke had breathed his last. From thence the wilderesses, the lawns, the park, were repaired to——they received my farewell——And the grove, that grove that had witnessed the false vows of Beaufort, was not passed by in forgetfulness——some tears were shed on the occasion——“*Here,*” would I say, “I first discovered him——*here* he kneeled, and implored my compassion——*there* I fainted, and in his arms was I supported”——In short, my Lord, remembrance somehow made that spot sacred to me, and I considered it as the altar of my most serious engagement.

We departed at length, and after a three days silent and melancholy journey arrived at the peaceful little dwelling which I had quitted with such tumultuous pleasure. I will not attempt to describe our emotions when we en-

tered it; it is sufficient to say, that every thing reminded us of the treasure we had lost, and all our affliction was renewed. Colonel Temple, whose friendship I really prized, attended us to Richmond; and, after begging leave to breakfast with us the next morning, he took his leave, overwhelmed with sympathy at the sight of our grief.

At this place, my Lord, we soon regained that tranquility of mind which time and religion could alone have repossessed us of—its rural scenes and prospects, together with the excellent library my guardian had chosen for me, occupied our whole attention—and though I could not conquer my selfish regret, when I reflected on the parent I had lost, yet it was a sort of regret unattended by any turbulence of sorrow—on the contrary, it was a refined melancholy, no less delightful (from  
the

the conviction of his being happy) than it was reasonable.

Col. Temple and Mr. Warley, (the latter had quitted Yorkshire for some months,) an old lady and her daughter were the only persons we admitted as visitors. The ladies had excellent qualities, which attached me to them; and I shall always preserve for them every sentiment of esteem.

Mr. Warley often spoke and wrote to me on the subject of his passion; but, as I ever acted towards him with ingenuousness, he soon perceived that his former sentence was irrevocable; he therefore dropped the semblance of a lover, and assumed that of a real and disinterested friend; the continuance of this history, however, will shew that I was never absolutely rooted from his heart.

We had been about eight months in Surry, when Col. Temple, with much agitation, told me one day of the late Duke's house in Grosvenor-square being burnt to the ground, and that his will and other papers of consequence were consumed. He suffered much at the idea of my fortune's being left to the mercy of a man who had already given me reason to suppose he could abuse my tenderness. In spite of my resolution to give him up, my heart still pictured Sir Charles Beaufort constant, still faithful to his vows—it told me he would clear himself——Mistaken, silly heart!—Ah! my Lord, it was then devoted to him——and I did not think Temple just in doubting his honour concerning me.

Another half-year rolled on in that peaceful cheerfulness which innocence ever knows; and one night, as Jennet  
and

and I were sitting near the fire, she at work, and I reading to her, we were alarmed at the sound of a carriage advancing up the avenue. I laid down my book—I trembled—and yet I knew not why. “It is a late hour,” exclaimed Jennet, “for a visit from the Colonel!” “Ah!” cried I, “surely he brings no disagreeable tidings!” “Fear nothing,” answered she! “trust all to God.”

At that moment the door opened, and Temple entered—“Fair Eliza!” said he, raising my hand to his lips, “will you pardon this untimely season which I have chosen to break in upon your solitude?” “Certainly, Sir,” replied I; “but you must have some reason”——“True,” returned he; “my friend is impatient to behold you after so long an absence——and with your permission we will give him entrance.”

L 5

So



So saying, without giving me time to answer, he exclaimed loudly, “*Entrez, Monsieur*”—and that instant I beheld Sir Charles Beaufort at my feet. My amazement exceeded every thing I can describe——never did he appear so charming! His dress was negligent——his hair was rather dishevelled—and, indeed, his whole form wore an aspect of hurry and confusion.

He seized my hands—he held them locked in his——while his eyes were eagerly fixed in my face—Not a syllable could he articulate for some minutes—At length, pressing my hands alternately to his lips and bosom, he repeated, “My Eliza! my dear Eliza!—Good God, I thank thee.”

‘Rise, Sir,’ cried I—‘Why all this emotion? He started up—he looked at me steadfastly—he paused——’ Be seated

seated, Sir Charles,' continued I (with a composure which nothing but my pride could at that time have allowed me). He turned towards Col. Temple, "Do I live, my friend! Is it *to me* Eliza speaks? Is this her love? Is this the way she testifies the affection she *herself* confessed to feel for me?—But I see how it is—some happier man—Alas! poor faithful Beaufort, is this the meeting you have so fondly sought for!" 'Sir,' replied I, if you suppose I have ever listened on the subject of love to any other man, you are mistaken—I have always respected my promise to you as sacred—If you have been as mindful of your vows to me, your heart must acquit you of perfidy—but if you have not, appearances speak truth.'

He fell upon his knees—I am shocked to say, my Lord, that in that posture *he appealed to Heaven in the most solemn*

L 6

*manner*

*manner to witness that he never, even in thought, betrayed those vows—he invoked it to give him patience to support my indifference—he swore that he would relinquish life, fame, and fortune, to be convinced for one moment of my love. He stopped—he expected me to answer ; but, alas ! the sincerity of his looks, the solemnity of his protestations, and, above all, the despair which was imprinted on his features, struck so deeply on my heart, that my pride had all forsaken me, and I was nothing more than the most weak and credulous of my sex. He soon observed the change of my countenance ; but, taking no notice of it, he continued——*

“ Pardon me, Miss Warwick, for having thus broken in upon your retirement—I will trouble you no longer—I am not worthy of one look—nor do you feel for me any of that tenderness

derness which now possesses the unhappy victim of your hatred—I go, Madam—I leave you for ever—In some other clime will I drag on this hated existence—my own country is now no longer dear to me—that which I most prized in it is lost to me—and I must become a wretched exile—Weep not, charming Eliza!—do not seem at once so cruel and so compassionate—those tears will deprive me of reason—ah! they flow not for Beaufort, but for the misery of a fellow-creature—I feel the distinction, and will spare your generosity.”

He pressed my cold hand to his bosom—he appeared as if about to tear himself from me—and yet as if his soul could not consent to such a separation—Once more he kissed my hand—his tears fell in large drops upon it—He intreated my pardon for betraying such weakness

weakness, and hastily arose—"Good Jennet," cried he, as he passed her, "forgive me—I cannot address you as I ought."

He was hurrying out—Col. Temple flew after him, and, catching hold of his arm, brought him again to my feet—I ventured to look at him—His eyes were suffused in tears—his whole person was a pathetic and expressive representation of the most exquisite sorrow—Whilst he kneeled, his hands were clasped, as if imploring my pity—I could contain myself no longer—I smiled—I reached forth my hand to him—He seized it with rapture—What a change was here produced!—he was no more the image of sorrow—he was all glowing animation, joy, and gaiety—Sometimes, indeed, he would appear thoughtful for a moment—and in the course of the night I observ-  
ed



ed him to strike his forehead with his hand, as if repentant of something that lay deep in his heart—My own felicity, however, made me suspect nothing—and, above all, I could never suppose him guilty of a breach of honour. About twelve o'clock the gentlemen with great reluctance left us.

I will pass over the many days that Sir Charles Beaufort spent with us in our retreat, and hasten to that important one which fixed me wretched for ever. Sir Charles, on his first appearance amongst us, begged me to settle an early day for the celebration of our nuptials; and, indeed, seemed so extremely anxious for it, that Jennet persuaded me to consent to marry him soon. He talked of being obliged to return to —— for a few weeks, and intreated that I might be made his, irrevocably, before his second departure

I from

from England. He told me, *my settlements were drawing up—that if their not being finished could make any objection with me to the performance of the ceremony, he would certainly wait, in order to give me a satisfaction that his honour, in that case, could not afford me.* My pride was startled—I ever detested pecuniary considerations—and I assured him that I despised what he called a *satisfaction*—and that the settlements not being completed, or even not drawn at all, should make no alteration in the day allotted for our union. That fatal day, my Lord, at length arrived—Beaufort told me that a clergyman, a friend of his, would perform the ceremony—and that friend arrived with Sir Charles, in his carriage, at the appointed time—It was done privately—and Sir Charles gave us as the reason for it, and for its being kept secret, at least for some months, that his aunt a sister of his father's, for whom

whom he had ever entertained the highest respect, wished him to marry the daughter of a friend of hers, whose noble blood, as well as beauty and fortune, made her a desirable object to the old lady's ambition——“ but,” continued he, “ I prefer my dear Eliza Warwick in her native charms, without splendour or friends, to Gertrude Dorset, with all her titled honours and appendages, and interest at Court.” A thrilling coldness rushed thro’ my heart at the mention of that name—nay, I thought he blushed as he pronounced it—but I chid my fancy, as daring to grow suspicious. Col. Temple was not present on this occasion—he had been called into Ireland some days before, to receive the last adieu of his father, who was on the point of death, and from whom he was to inherit a large fortune. Col. Middleton assumed that day the title of my father—Ah ! my God ! what a thought !

A whole

A whole week was spent in extreme gaiety by Sir Charles and a few of his most intimate companions—As for my part, though I thought myself happy, yet I would often wipe off some straying tears, that would involuntarily flow from my eyes—I knew not the reason, and reproached my heart for seeming unthankful to Heaven for the felicity I enjoyed. Sir Charles's tenderness grew every day more lively—and he would in all things endeavour to anticipate my wishes. His presents were the most rich and elegant that could be devised—my jewels were extraordinarily fine—and every thing else, either for my dress equipage, or attendance, was magnificent beyond description.

We soon removed from Surry—Sir Charles supposed that his constant residence at our house would be remarked—he therefore carried me into a part  
of



of England where I was not known—and we passed in Derbyshire for a new-married couple of the name of Sydney. Still I lived very privately, and saw hardly any one except his own intimate friends, who were all of his own sex.

The place he had chosen in Derbyshire was a charming one—The house was old—but its antique form, together with the shade of its woods, and park gave me a sort of veneration for my new habitation which was very pleasing. Jennet, too, liked our situation; and we were for some time exceedingly happy.

Two months were spent before I heard any thing of Col. Temple—He at last arrived—and as I flew to receive him, I was stopped by hearing high words between him and Sir Charles—I was shocked—I remained where I was



was—and endeavoured to learn the cause of their quarrel.

‘ You have injured me,’ cried Temple, ‘ in the nicest point—you have ruined the peace of my mind for ever !’

“ Is it possible,” answered Sir Charles, “ that our sensible comrade, Will Temple, can of a sudden have picked up such antediluvian notions !”

‘ By Heaven, Sir,’ returned the other, ‘ I am not jesting—I am a *man of honour*.’

“ Nay,” answered Sir Charles, “ does any man dare to doubt mine ?”

‘ I do,’ said Temple—‘ I more than doubt it—I affirm that you are a base betrayer—you are the ruiner of innocence.” I shuddered at the word. Sir Charles grew hoarse with passion—  
Mr.

Mr. Temple," cried he, "such another word, and my sword shall cram it down your throat." "Hold, Sir Charles," replied the cool Officer, 'I am to be bullied by no man under Heaven—the sword, with which you threaten so valiantly, shall try to revenge the harsh expressions I have used towards you—— Mine, too, claims vengeance, for the vile part you have so meanly acted concerning my amiable young friend—— Name, therefore, your hour——your place—I will meet you most punctually—but first I will see Eliza.'

"Never," returned Sir Charles——  
"never, by Heaven!" "There you are mistaken,' answered Temple——'I will see her——though I die in the attempt—I will speak to her—I will expose you to her in your true colours.' Beaufort was now more vehement than ever—*villain, scoundrel, coward*, were the words that  
issued

issued from his mouth—and my fears so totally overcame me, that I fell senseless on the ground. In some time after, I seemed to awake from a deep sleep; and, gathering strength enough to rise, I leaned against the wainscot, to support my feeble frame: at that moment I happened to turn my head towards a window on the landing of the stair-ease, when I perceived Sir Charles, Colonel Temple, Colonel Middleton, and Mr. Lawfon, walking in deep conversation down the avenue: it gave me new life—I thought all had been made up again—and, with a degree of agility which a little before I could not have assumed, I ran to Jennet's apartment, and related to her the whole of the conversation. She seemed much shocked at it; and, after our conferring a long time on the subject, we both concluded that Sir Charles had seduced, some time before, either a favourite girl of Col. Temple's,  
or

or one of his relations; and that he meant to revenge himself upon Sir Charles, by discovering the affair to me. Ah! my Lord, how injurious was this idea to the real sentiments of Col. Temple!——*I* was the friend he wished to have saved—*I* was the unhappy cause of this quarrel. Though the Colonel had many libertine principles, he had one sentiment which almost compensated for the want of every other virtuous one: often did he say, that innocence wore in his eye so awful and lovely a garb, that he would not injure it to be made the happiest man in the world—and never was a confidence thoroughly reposed in him, but he considered it as one of those engagements of honour, too dear, and too sacred, ever to be abused by him. We imagined that Temple, since his departure from us, discovered some treachery in his friend, and that he was then returned to make him sensible  
of

of his feeling it properly : however, we comforted ourselves with supposing that Mr. Middleton and Mr. Lawson had adjusted matters, and reconciled them, in spite of all the fury they had levelled against each other. Yet, my Lord, my delicacy was all alive on the occasion—every word that Col. Temple had uttered impressed me with horror——“What a vile wretch,” would I often exclaim, “~~do~~ I cherish in my bosom, if he could betray an innocent heart, and plunge it for ever in guilt and wretchedness !” Ah ! Heaven ! little did I think that unhappy creature was myself.

In about an hour after the gentlemen had left the house, I was alarmed by the door of my closet’s being opened suddenly and with violence—I turned about to see who it could be that would thus intrude upon my retirement, and beheld



beheld Sir Charles Beaufort standing before me—fury and despair painted in his countenance——his coat and stockings bloody—his hair dishevelled—and his whole form a striking resemblance of guilt and horror. I screamed aloud at the sight, and retreated some steps from him; but he advanced towards me—caught me in his arms—and, pressing me to his breast, bid me not to be alarmed. My terror was beyond description—“Ah! Beaufort,” exclaimed I, “why these disordered looks? why this blood? Great God! surely no accident?”——‘You are mine, my Eliza! cried he—‘you are now mine for ever——no cursed power can tear you from me—I have silenced the only enemy that would rebel against me—and I have nothing more to fear.’

*Silenced!—enemy!——*What do you mean? Why such ambiguous words?

VOL. I.

M

Where

Where is your friend?" He started from me. "Dear Beaufort! where is Col. Temple?" He folded his arms, bent his eyes to the ground, and answered, 'Mention him no more, my love—he is gone—curse his cool heart!—Yet I once loved Temple—But you—oh! you,' continued he, catching hold of my hand with wildness, and looking eagerly in my face—"What!" cried I, trembling all over. 'Nothing—it is passed.' He walked from me, and threw himself breathless into a chair. At that instant some one rapped at the door—I was unable to speak—Sir Charles bid to come in—Col. Middleton entered—

"Dear Beaufort!" said he, "lose no time—change your clothes and take a short leave of your amiable wife—Consult your safety—your life depends upon your flight." I flew towards Middleton—

Middleton—I fell on my knees before him—“ Sir,” cried I, in an agony of grief, “ I conjure you to tell me, what is the matter ? why must Sir Charles go ? whither is he to fly ? where is Col. Temple ? and what blood is that with which Sir Charles is covered ? ” Beaufort quitted his seat, and ran to raise me—he led me to a chair ; and, drawing one near mine, he thus began ‘ Temple insulted me—I resented it—he swore he would relate to you a tale of me, which was as false as it was malicious—He loved you himself, and wanted to inspire that gentle bosom with hatred for your Beaufort, who lives but to adore you—I could not put up with such treatment—my honour, my jealous honour, would not admit of it—We fought—Temple fell—his servant has conveyed him in a chaise to the next town, which he will never see—and I must immediately set out for ——, whi-

ther I should have been obliged to go, had not this unlucky affair hurried my departure.'

I heard no more——my heart died within me—and I sunk breathless into those murderous arms which he had opened to receive me. When I recovered, I found myself in bed, Jennet weeping by my side. She informed me, that when I fainted, Col. Middleton took that opportunity to force Sir Charles from me, and he was then changing his dress in another apartment. Soon after, he entered my room—Our adieus were tender—very solemn——He charged me *to think of him alone—and to keep inviolate those vows of fidelity I had consecrated to him at the awful ceremony, and in the sight of God.* Impious man! I gave him no such charge—I begged of Heaven to direct his steps, and to send him back to me in safety  
—I im-



—I implored him to be careful of his health, and to let me hear from him often—Thus we parted. I soon began to think Col. Temple a bold aggressor; and though I shuddered when I reflected that the person I loved had imbrued his hands in blood, yet I rejoiced that he was not the victim of the quarrel.

Jennet and I were once more left to ourselves——We re-assumed our usual occupations—Sighs would often escape us at the remembrance of Col. Temple's former friendship; but as we imagined he had lost his life about a creature that was perhaps infamous, we looked upon it as the judgment of Heaven, and only bewailed that Sir Charles was the chosen instrument of its vengeance. Ah! my Lord, I was not then sensible that I had by this fatal stroke lost my only protector.



We now saw less company than ever. Col. Middleton would sometimes arrogate to himself the privilege of coming to visit me on the same footing that Col. Temple formerly did; but what different sentiments guided this man's heart! His behaviour to me used to be very particular, whenever chance directed that I should be alone with him—Once he dared to whisper, that he loved me—I started back with indignation—but, recovering myself a little, I desired him to chuse some other family to destroy the peace of, and some other *friend* to abuse than Sir Charles Beaufort—I assured him, that I detested him and his principles, and, did I not set a value upon Beaufort's life too great to be risqued in the chastisement of so unworthy and insignificant a creature, I would immediately inform him of his *honourable intentions* towards him. Col. Middleton, on my quitting

quitting the room directly, departed from the house ; and I never suffered him to be admitted to my presence afterwards, until Beaufort returned.

The letters I received from Sir Charles were dictated in that style for which he was ever famed——and their language seemed the real language of love. He talked of his return to England with the warmth of impatience which an ardent and sincere lover may be supposed to feel—he spoke with rapture of the many charming hours we had passed together——and lamented that their joys were broken in upon, though for so short a time. He entreated me *to be chearful in his absence——and yet not to forget that he was in despair until the blissful moment should arrive that would bring him once more to my feet.* In short, my Lord, I used to read these dangerous lines with delight—and my tears would

fall fast upon every sentence that mentioned his flight from England.

Five months had elapsed before his pardon was obtained; which, though all his interest had been employed, took up more time to effect than he, or his friends, supposed it would have done. The relations of the generous Temple were afflicted, and enraged, at his untimely, melancholy loss; and they endeavoured to counteract the designs of Beaufort's friends, whose interest, however, was much superior, and the affair was represented in so specious and false a light to his Majesty, that he bestowed his gracious pardon in a very full and satisfactory manner on Sir Charles. In about a fortnight after he received it, he arrived in England. He wrote to me from Dover—he did the same from London—yet still I did not see him—It was surprising!—My heart took the alarm—

alarm—but another letter, which made some excuses, and pleading that his absence from me was unavoidable, soon made me believe him as true and tender as ever; and I consoled myself with that idea for all the anxious moments I had spent in his absence.

The hour at last arrived which brought him to me, and I really thought it the happiest of my life—Ah! what joy, what rapture, seemed to glow in his bosom when I ran to meet him!—How often did he swear that he had never tasted peace since that fatal day on which he had been torn from me!—And often was I clasped to his heart with a wild extacy, that appeared (I have since thought) as if he feared to lose me—His terror, lest such an event should happen, certainly embittered many of those minutes which might have been delightful to him, had not

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his



his guilt given him reason to dread that some accident would one day discover to me the horrible secret of his perfidy—Oh ! in what misery did it involve us both.

I cannot tell you, my Lord, how happily I passed six months after Sir Charles's arrival in England—He was continually with me—and he seemed to shut out every other soul from his heart or conversation. The hours we spent in reading, walking, and playing on various instruments, brought back to my remembrance the most delicious part of my stay at Fairy-Hill—and that idea was sufficient to give me felicity—but the man I loved was mine (I then thought) beyond the reach of fate ; which was a bliss so extensive and so exquisite in itself, that *that alone* would have made me prefer my situation to every other mortal's upon earth.



After receiving repeated letters from London, Beaufort with much regret took leave of me, though he assured me it should be the shortest visit he ever made to that metropolis—He embraced me five or six times before he could prevail on himself to enter his chaise—Our tears flowed reciprocally—We sighed as if some sad event was to separate us for ever—At length, with much difficulty, we parted. Tell me, my Lord, was it presentiment that occasioned our sadness at this farewell? Could our hearts have so strongly presaged that our happiness was about to end for ever? Why did my eyes follow his carriage till it was gone too far to be perceptible? Why did my breast swell high with sorrow, and Nature itself to me seem annihilated?—Alas! his absence for some days, when his presence in town seemed necessary, did not use thus to affect me!—I never wept—I never held him back, as if I wanted his protection—Some

sighs would escape me, but they soon dispersed in air—and the hope of his return illumined every feature——Far different this parting!—I lamented his leaving me with a degree of sorrow which my reason could not conquer—I reproached myself for not persuading him to stay—I feared a thousand accidents would befall him——I prophesied that I should never embrace him more. My Lord, my condition at that time was deplorable!

In some days after, I received a letter from Sir Charles—He spoke of our parting, and *thanked me for the proofs of tenderness I gave him, which were dearer to his heart than any other circumstance under Heaven*, he said—He bade me *keep up my spirits——that though his affairs in Yorkshire required at that time his immediate attendance, yet they should soon be dispatched, and he would hasten back to those happy scenes in Derbyshire which he*  
had

*had lately quitted with such reluctance—He told me he would give orders to decorate my garden at Fairy Hill with the most fragrant and delightful flowers against the time that I should visit it myself—He hoped the fictitious name of Sydney would be soon thrown aside; and assured me, that, when his aunt relented, he would avow me as Lady Beaufort to the world—He concluded with desiring me to be convinced of the fervour of his sentiments towards me, and that he ever would continue the tenderest and most faithful of husbands.*

The letter I seized with transport from the servant who had brought it from the post-office; but, in turning the seal up to break it, I observed that it appeared damaged, and as if it had been opened before: the idea struck me, but I was too impatient to read the contents to suffer my thoughts to dwell upon a trifling suspicion; and when I  
had

had perused them, they so wholly engrossed me, that I suspected no longer——besides, had it made a deeper impression on me, I knew not whom to accuse——I did not think I had a rival who could come at his letter——nor did I believe I had an enemy in the world——It would have been needless, therefore, to have let any such apprehensions disturb me, for it was impossible that I could have satisfied myself as to the person who was capable of such an action.

Two days after the receipt of this epistle, I was surpris'd to see a coach and four, with many attendants, drive up the avenue—As it was Sir Charles Beaufort's livery they wore, my heart was seized with that sort of uneasy palpitation which one does not know whether to impute to hope or fear——however, as I had no motive to think it should proceed from the latter, I began  
to



to flatter myself that I had every reason to suppose he was returned; and perhaps had brought his *consenting* aunt with him. I was soon undeceived—for a lady, very beautiful, was ushered into me, instead of the old one I expected. I received her with as much politeness as I could assume, and begged to know to whom I was indebted for the honour of so pleasing a favour? She approached me—she looked stedfastly in my face—and, burst into a violent flood of tears, exclaimed, “Ah! my God! she is too handsome!—far superior to me, indeed, in loveliness! and I have lost him for ever!” I was amazingly shocked—I took her by the hand, and, leading her to a sofa, seated myself near her.

‘Madam,’ cried I, hardly able to refrain from weeping at the sight of her affliction, ‘you seem to labour under some distress which wrings your heart with



with sorrow,—if it is in my power to alleviate it, by any method in the world, be so good as to point it out, and you shall find me both ready and happy to contribute to your repose.’ She looked at me again, but with a degree of sternness she had not put on before—she considered me with attention, and in silence, for some moments—At length, rising from her seat, with much violence she cried, “ Yes—you are the vile creature I took you for—You have, indeed, a beautiful face, and a fine shape—but the infamy of your conduct”——‘ *My conduct!*’ repeated I, in a tremulous tone—“ Yes,” answered she, turning quick upon me—“ Have you not seduced my husband by your arts? Does he not leave me day after day, week after week, on your account? And when he does return, does he not come sullen, pensive, and unhappy?—O vile, vile enchantress! why should  
you

you be thought superior to his faithful, *virtuous* Gertrude?’ “ Good God ! Madam,’ cried I, with emotion, ‘ you must mistake me for another—I encourage no man, I love none, but my husband—If the object whom you lament as lost to you is amongst the number of Mr. Sydney’s friends, I may have seen him, but be assured ’——Here she interrupted me—*Sydney !—Sydney !—Yes, I am in that secret*—that fictitious name cannot blind me.” I burst into tears. She seemed struck with them—she looked penetrated—and, pausing for some moments, as if to recollect herself, she approached, and took me by the hand.

“ You see, Madam,” cried she, “ be fore you an unhappy woman—pardon the rudeness, the harshness of my conduct—and be so good as to answer truly a few questions that I am about to ask you——It is not an idle curiosity that prompts

prompts them—my confidence you shall possess in return—and you may perhaps be brought to think that the very man of whom I complain has in a very material point deceived you grossly.” I wiped away the tears that flowed in torrents from my eyes ; and, bowing an assent to her request, I waited with impatience to hear the nature of her inquiries. “ Is not,” continued she, “ Sir Charles Beaufort and Mr. Sydney one and the same person ?” I blushed, and hesitated——“ There !” said she, “ you cannot deny it—I was well convinced of it from an authority undoubted—However, I will proceed—and beg to know, what the terms are upon which you live with this dangerous man ?” I told her I was married to him. She shook her head ; and, looking at me with an aspect of compassion, which at that time I thought humiliating, prayed

prayed me to tell her the circumstances of our acquaintance and connection.

‘Madam,’ replied I, ‘I know not why I am thus interrogated—As you say you are unhappy, and you assure me your inquiries do not proceed from mere curiosity, I will consent to unfold the secret of my heart to you—intreating you, at the same time, for Sir Charles Beaufort’s sake as well as my own, not to discover it to any person in the world, since the most unhappy consequences to him may be derived from such a procedure.’

I then frankly related to her every thing concerning Beaufort’s intimacy with me, beginning from our first acquaintance at Fairy-Hill down to that present moment in which I spoke. Her surprise and concern were manifest during the time of my relation; and, when  
I had



I had ended, she threw her arms around my neck, and sobbed bitterly.

I cannot express to you, my Lord the different sensations of my bosom at that moment—I was bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt, fear, and astonishment—I knew not whom I spoke to, I could form no notion of what she was—I did imagine the little history I had given her would have pacified and undeceived her with respect to the infidelity of her husband—but I perceived that her agitations increased, and she was become more miserable than before—yet there was a compassionate tenderness in her manner to me that was at one pleasing and amiable.

The lady, soon after the excess of her grief had abated in some measure, endeavoured to regain her composure; and, taking me by the hand, exclaimed,



ed, "Ah! charming Eliza! I am grieved to be the ill-fated messenger of woe to one so amiable and lovely; yet I must assure you, you have been deceived in the most artful and most cruel manner imaginable." "Tell me," cried I, with trembling impatience, "how—how am I betrayed?" "Stay," resumed she—"hear me with calmness—and I will return, as I promised, the confidence you placed in me.

"The Duke of Derby, my uncle, who was at once my guardian and parent, gave me a foreign education, from some prejudices in his own which he could never conquer. I spent a great part of my childhood under the best masters, and was carried by his Grace into Italy, where I completed the part of my education that remained unfinished. When I was eighteen, my uncle thought of returning to England;  
and

and at my request, he consented to make some stay at——, at which Court I was introduced, and made much noise as a stranger and a beauty. It was there I first saw Sir Charles Beaufort—his person, his address, his wit, all conspired to charm me; and I distinguished him from all other men who offered their adulation at my shrine. Whether vanity, or admiration of me, induced him to flutter round me, I know not; but certain it is, he was flattering, tender, and attentive to me alone. All the ladies in—— envied me—I was considered by them as one who had monopolized, in Sir Charles Beaufort, every thing that was charming in the sex. The men, on the other hand, were no less jealous of the favour he met with from me; and we were, at the same time, the envy and admiration of that great and fashionable city. I have since thought, that all *this* was a stimu-

stimulative to Sir Charles's assiduity—the idea of carrying the prize from so many powerful and accomplished rivals was too delightful for his vanity to resist—and *that*, I do believe, was more interested in his success than his heart.

“ The Duke of Derby saw my predilection for Beaufort, and asked me *If he had ever declared himself my lover?* I assured him *not*, (for it was true)—*that his behaviour, I owned, was particular; and by it he gave me reason to suppose I was beloved by him—but that he had never seriously told me so.* The Duke left me, and immediately waited on Sir Charles—He told him, *that his niece was no encourager of DANGLERS, and that he must beg of him either to acknowledge himself a candidate for my hand, or to appear less often with me, and less assiduous in his manner when in my company—that it was no advantage to any woman to permit such*  
unmeaning

*unmeaning gallantries, and that he was determined Lady Gertrude Dorset should not.*

*“ Sir Charles embraced my uncle with much warmth—begged him to repeat the charming sounds which licensed him to declare his love for the divine Gertrude—assured him that nothing but his fear of being refused prevented a more solemn declaration of his passion—that he would wait upon me in the evening, and till then intreated the Duke to become his friend and advocate.*

*“ My uncle returned, and imparted to me the conversation he had had with Sir Charles—He desired me to accept of him at once, and not to follow the odious custom of keeping men in expectation, as followers of my train—One thing or the other he insisted should be done—either to reject, or accept of him soon.*

I

*“ He*



“ He left me, not doubting which way I had determined ; for my partiality for this ungrateful man was much too visible to endure concealment.

“ I will own to you, beautiful Eliza ! that I adorned my person with care that day, and waited with a sort of painful impatience for the evening ; which may well be conceived, when my situation is considered. The hour of eight arrived—I saw not Sir Charles——Nine came——still he was not with us——My uncle grew uneasy—I unhappy——At length his carriage drove into the court—and the most elegant of his sex alighted, with such an air of hurry and gaiety, that I directly forgot I had waited for him at all. If the sight of his person only could thus appease my resentment, what must I have felt when he entered the apartment ! His apologies were the lightest, the most complimentary, his address



the tenderest, the most seducing—— There was something, however, in his countenance; at times, that betrayed a lurking uneasiness—but he had the method of making that countenance subservient to his purpose——I persuaded myself that it was a melancholy air which some strokes of my raillery had occasioned. In about half an hour after he came in, a servant appeared, and told my uncle that *the Marquis de Vinsin begged leave to speak to him in another room for a few minutes*. He arose, and left us——a circumstance which, though I did suppose would happen during Sir Charles's visit, yet overwhelmed me in agitation and confusion.

“ Ah ! Madam, I will spare you the recital of our conversation——Beaufort was the most persuasive, the most passionate of lovers—he seemed to live on those smiles he now despises——he appeared

peared to be ambitious only of the possession of this heart which he now disdains——Ah! when I reflect upon his looks, his words, his vows—my God! ——when I review that tender, that delightful scene—how can I think it possible he should ever change!”

Here a flood of tears interrupted her voice——and if there was an object in the universe more miserable than herself at that instant, it could only have been the wretched auditor of her woe-ful tale.

“ I will cut short,” resumed she,  
“ the scenes of tenderness that passed for some time, and hasten to that which is of more importance. We were soon to be united——the day, the hour was fixed—when I received an account of the death of an amiable and tenderly-loved brother, which threw from me all  
my

my joys, and immerfed me for a week in forrow and affliction. I postponed our marriage, on confideration of my mourning; and, as I thought, even for decency's fake——Sir Charles did not feem to approve of this refolution; and my uncle, who was much attached to him, perfuaded me to have the ceremony privately performed——A licence had been gained before——every thing was ready——and I was folemnly united to Sir Charles Beaufort by my uncle's great friend, the Archbishop of C——.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



